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SPRING BOOKS

THE NEW STATESMAN AND NATION

The Week-end Review

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THE NEW STATESMAN AND NATION—The Week-end Review. *Incorporating The New Statesman, The Nation and Athenaeum, Week-end Review.*

TALKS have begun. Lord Perth has gone back to Rome for instructions and Herr von Ribbentrop has come to London, presumably also for instructions. At this moment such democratic resistance as there is to the pressure of the Fascist Powers is temporarily weakened by the resignation of M. Chautemps. The French Prime Minister's demand for plenary powers was sudden and unexpected, and is presumably connected with the Finance Minister's speech about the plight of the Treasury and the Exchange Account. This speech had, as presumably intended, the effect of abetting the previous attack on the franc. We have one more example of the pressure on the French Government of forces outside Parliament; on this occasion banking interests appear to be seriously upset by the Chautemps Government's acceptance of the new Labour Code. Every French Government to-day lasts just as long as it can hold a balance between banking and Fascist circles on the one hand and, on the other, the democratic and Socialist forces of the Popular Front.

A Free Austria?

Sunday's plebiscite in Austria is a request for a national vote of confidence in Dr. Schuschnigg. This bold move on the Austrian Chancellor's part is the climax of a series of actions by which he has endeavoured to strengthen the Fatherland front. His most resolute and sensible, though terribly belated, decision was to call in the Social-Democratic workers to defend what is left of Austrian independence. Naturally he must concede them their rights as equal citizens. For the first time since 1934 they have held a mass demonstration in a suburb of Vienna, and named delegates to negotiate with the Chancellor. They are about to regain, it would seem, the restoration of their free Trade Unions, and even it may be of some liberty of the press. Obviously the workers could not defend a clerical-corporative State with any enthusiasm, merely because the Austrian brand of Fascism is appreciably less brutal than the Prussian variety. But can the Chancellor stop short of a restoration of democracy, and if he dare do that, will he not drive his own reactionary supporters into the Nazi camp? He has apparently realised that, since he can count no longer on Italian bayonets to uphold him from the Brenner Pass, he must rely on the

Austrian masses. Dr. Benesh, meanwhile, has restated Czech policy in a wise and liberal interview in the *Sunday Times*. While he said firmly that his country cannot discuss officially with Germany the internal problem of her minorities, he fully recognised the moral right of Europe to take an interest in a question so vital to peace. He is prepared to make his contribution to any general European settlement, but he rules out as impossible any plan of federal autonomy. He threw out the unexpected hint that Herr Henlein may one day be invited to join the Czech Cabinet.

Civil Aviation

Past criticism of the management of Imperial Airways, and of the unprogressive development of British civil aviation in general, is fully borne out by the findings of Lord Cadman's Committee of Inquiry. The report is outspoken: it finds "reason for more than apprehension," and characterises the existing situation as "black." Blame is apportioned equally between Imperial Airways and the Civil Aviation Department of the Air Ministry. The former is accused of taking too narrow a commercial view of its responsibilities as a subsidised enterprise and of being so "intolerant of suggestion and unyielding in negotiation" that its good relations both with the Ministry officials and its own staff have been seriously prejudiced. On the other hand, the Department is convicted of "lack of virility" in the initiation of policy and in forward planning. Making due allowance for the recent overriding demands for equipment from the R.A.F., the Committee finds that there has been a signal failure to correlate civil aircraft operation and construction. There has been no consistent and progressive policy designed to encourage manufacturers to be ready to meet the needs of expanding services. As a result, we have fallen far behind foreign countries; Imperial Airways is operating obsolete machines between London and Paris; British mails to Switzerland have to be carried entirely by foreign machines. A more condemnatory report has rarely been issued from Whitehall.

The Cadman Proposals

In their observations accompanying the report, the Government tacitly admit to past sins of omission. They are not prepared to consider the Committee's suggestion that petrol used by internal air services should be tax-free, and the recommendation that there should be a Parliamentary Under-Secretary of State dealing solely with civil aviation is "under discussion." With these exceptions, however, the main proposals in the report are accepted. The higher personnel of the Civil Aviation Department is to be strengthened and a new Director of Civil Production will be added. Efforts will be made to co-ordinate the siting of municipal and other landing grounds, and financial assistance for night lighting is promised. As for aircraft operation, Imperial Airways will in future concentrate on the Empire routes, with a reconstituted directorate and management; and, so far as existing contracts with shareholders permit, its dividends will conform more closely to the norm for public utility undertakings. For the European routes, British Airways (with a reorganised board) will replace Imperial as the subsidised agency, with the proviso that Imperial Airways will co-operate in the London-Paris service. The annual subsidy payable to the two companies is to be raised from £1,500,000 to £3,000,000, but no indication is yet given how the money is to be allocated or for what precise purposes. The report has clearly shaken official complacency and more vigorous development of civil aviation should result. The taxpayer will notice glumly that the idea of air transport eventually paying its way recedes farther and farther into the distance.

Spanish Sea-Power

The destruction of the modern, 10,000-ton rebel cruiser *Baleares* by torpedo attack during a night engagement off Cape Palos, may well be an event of prime importance in the Spanish war. Having lost the battleship *España* last May, Franco has now only two large ships left; and though his remaining modern cruiser *Canarias* is capable of out-gunning the three smaller and much older cruisers in Government hands, last Sunday's successful attack by destroyers suggests that his command of the sea may yet be wrested away. The Government's destroyer fleet consists of about a dozen units—a useful force if the shortage of officers caused by their "liquidation" at the hands of the crews in the early days of the war is being made good. The action off Cape Palos encourages hopes that naval as well as military organisation is progressing on the Government side. To argue, however, that naval strength is now so far equalised that the granting of belligerent rights to Franco would not injure the Government—an argument already aired in the Conservative press—is fallacious. Apart from the ships which went over to the rebels at the beginning of the war, account must be taken of the German and Italian units operating in his support. The Spanish Government's latest information is that, in addition to "loaned" Italian submarines, there are now six German U-Boats, with five attendant depot ships, in commission off the Spanish coast.

The Japanese Advance

The Japanese have won this week a major strategic success. Their northern army, which has marched down from Peking through Taiyuan and Puchow, has crossed the Yellow River, and cut the Lunghai railway which runs east and west. The crossing was made, it seems, in force with tanks, though the Chinese claim that by cutting the embankments they have made any further advance through the floods impossible. A Japanese offer to go into conference on naval limitation may be dismissed as a not very original effort in diplomatic fencing, since their condition is that all Powers shall scrap battleships and airship carriers. This would give them unchallengeable mastery in their own seas.

The Soviet Trial

The Soviet Trial is undoubtedly very popular in the U.S.S.R. The exposure of Yagoda, the hated G.P.U. chief, pleases everyone and seems to explain a great deal of treachery and inefficiency in the past. How far Yagoda's treachery also explains previous accusations, confessions and executions is a question that no one can answer and that it is more convenient not to ask. There are other mysteries; the confessions remain baffling whether we regard them as true or false, and the prisoners as innocent or guilty. There has certainly been much

plotting in Russia—there always is in any country where the rights of open political opposition are withheld; we may be sure that there has also been a great deal of foreign espionage in the U.S.S.R. To assume such obvious facts—which we should have assumed if there had been no trial—does not explain why, for instance, doctors should be accused of exposing the aged and infirm Gorki to the onslaught of influenza germs, nor why the Government of the U.S.S.R. should be indifferent to the devastating effect of these trials abroad, more especially in France, where they have done more to undermine the Franco-Soviet pact than all the Hitler propaganda put together.

Pastor Niemöller

What justice, even in a *gleichgeschaltet* German court, had to concede to Pastor Niemöller, the Thuggery of Nazism has taken away. Acquitted at his trial of "treason" against the State, but found technically guilty under the Statute-book of making pulpit pronouncements "disturbing to public order," the Confessional Church leader was sentenced nominally to a small fine and seven months' honourable confinement in a fortress. Unluckily for him, the court decided that his preliminary detention awaiting trial should be deducted from the sentence and ordered his immediate release. The sequel was his seizure by the Gestapo and his despatch, without further judicial procedure, to the horrors of a concentration camp. There, in the tortures of indefinite "preventive custody," a brave man who fought for his country and whose only offence against "patriotism" is that he demanded public toleration of religious belief, will rot lest God should steal a shred of veneration from the Führer. Heil, Hitler! The engulfment of a once civilised nation in the code of Caligula would seem to have approached completion.

The Economists as Prophets

An interesting example of the work of the economist as expert is provided by the latest report of Sir William Beveridge's Unemployment Insurance Statutory Committee. The good employment of 1936 and most of 1937 has placed the Unemployment Insurance Fund in what looks like a very favourable financial position, with an accumulated surplus of £60 millions. In deciding how to deal with its surpluses, the Statutory Committee has developed the practice of taking counsel with the Economic Information Committee (in effect the operative part of the Economic Advisory Council). This body makes for it estimates of the probable trend of employment for a number of years ahead; and on them the Statutory Committee does its budgeting. The E.I.C.'s estimates have been based so far on an average unemployed percentage of $16\frac{1}{4}$ to $16\frac{3}{4}$ over the next seven or eight years. On this basis the Statutory Committee has made certain improvements in benefits, and now proposes to make more—especially an extension in the number of "additional days" allowed, and an increase of 1*s.* in the allowance for an adult dependent. The Committee rejects as financially impracticable the reduction in contributions demanded by the F.B.I., and points out that, after the eight years over which it proposes to spread its existing surplus, the Fund will balance only at 15 per cent. instead of $16\frac{3}{4}$ per cent. unemployment. Estimates of the course of employment over a number of years ahead are of necessity subject to a wide margin of error; but the very possibility of making them with some approximation to correctness indicates that the economists have learnt a good deal during the past few years.

The Downward Trend of Employment

The February unemployment returns are definitely bad, and indicate a continuance of the world recession which set in during the latter part of last year. It is plain that, but for rearmament, employment would be shrinking fast, and that even rearmament, unless it is further intensified, will not avail to prevent a continuing decline. There are still, indeed, as many workers in employment as there were a year ago; but in the meantime the employable population has risen, and the new-comers have not been successfully absorbed. The position is least favourable in the industries producing largely for export, the upward swing of world trade having given place to a downward movement which may before long become much more marked. Disturbance in Far Eastern markets by the Japanese aggression and recession in the United States are, no doubt, the two principal particular causes of the decline; but underlying them is a general falling off, which suggests that the trade cycle is still working pretty much in the old way. Incidentally, this squares with the prophecies made by leading economists in 1936 and 1937, though they were inclined to overestimate the effects of rearmament in delaying the rise of unemployment. Conditions in respect of employment—notably in the textile industries—are worsening faster than most experts expected even a few months ago.

The L.P.T.B. and the Territorials

The adjournment of the debate on the London Passenger Transport Bill, for a reason entirely unconnected with the Bill's own merits, raises an important question of principle. Ought employers, even in public or public utility services, to be compelled by Parliament to offer special inducements to their employees to join the Territorial Army? The line between offering inducements and applying indirect compulsion is bound to be thin; and if the principle is admitted in the case of the L.P.T.B. it will not be long before an attempt is made to extend it right through the public utility services, if not to all industries which operate under any sort of public control or are in receipt of any form of public assistance. The Transport Ministry and the War Office, by joining in the censure of the L.P.T.B.'s attitude first expressed by a group of Tory back-benchers, have given the incident a high degree of public importance. Incidentally, the L.P.T.B.'s spokesmen, in defending their policy, said that they had been given no indication of the duties that would be likely to fall upon them in the event of war—yet another example of the extraordinary haphazardness of Sir Thomas Inskip's department. But, apart from the question whether the L.P.T.B. can spare its men, there remains the issue of indirect compulsion. It is, of course, open to any employer to offer inducements to employees to attend Territorial camps and training; but it is highly undesirable that any sort of public pressure should be applied either to or by employers in such a matter. If it is applied to or by the L.P.T.B., we confidently predict trouble.

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ON INTERIM ACCOUNT

WE are building up, said Mr. Chamberlain on Monday, a vast, almost terrifying power, whose immediate effect on world opinion is steadying and sobering. With this reassuring assertion, coupled with the protestation that he was as ready as any of his fellow-countrymen to fight for liberty and democracy, the Prime Minister concluded—effectively, from the standpoint of Parliamentary debate—his defence of British rearmament policy and progress. Mr. Churchill remained dissatisfied with the rate of Air Force expansion so far attained; Liberal and Labour spokesmen criticised the dilatory development of measures of passive defence, such as food storage and anti-aircraft protection. They did not succeed in dispelling the impression which Mr. Chamberlain skilfully conveyed, that the British rearmament programme, despite initial delays and errors, is now getting into its stride, and that it is backed with a formidable war potential of resources.

To what end? Not to defend any principle of collective security or international justice, but to secure victory in war, if war comes. In that event, Mr. Chamberlain declared, we must be strong enough to protect these islands, our trade routes, the Empire and the territories of "any allies we might have." War, he hoped—with obvious sincerity—would not come. Recognising that it had to deal with a world in which dictatorships existed, the Government—imbued as it was with the spirit of democracy—would endeavour to secure European appeasement by negotiation. On what, by what concessions of other people's liberty, the Prime Minister did not explain. He professed to hope that, where Mr. Eden had failed, Lord Halifax might secure, "in due course," disarmament. But that his optimism was not sanguine became evident when he warned the House that the projected figure of £1,500 millions to be spent on the five-year rearmament programme is "now not sufficient for our purpose," and that a "substantial advance" on it must be expected.

Already the bill for our part in Europe's collective insecurity is staggering. Apart from £90 millions of expenditure to be covered by borrowing, the Defence Estimates published last week place a burden of £343 millions on the budget, an increase of £55 millions over last year's figure. Even so, no provision is yet made for the naval construction sanctioned in the 1938 programme; for this item, which includes two battleships, an aircraft-carrier and seven cruisers, a supplementary appropriation will be needed. Add the Civil Estimates whose total, at £443 millions, is £24 millions higher than last year's original figure, Sir John Simon is faced with the task of budgeting for expenditure, including debt interest, of probably £945 millions—or £1,035 millions if outgoings financed by loan are included. That is, even if we assume that this year's revenue will slightly exceed the budget estimate, he must collect something like £75 millions more revenue in order to balance his account. A full year's operation of the National Defence Contribution and the 3*d.* increase in income tax imposed last April should bring in £25 millions. To bridge the unfilled gap he must devise new taxes or rely—with diminishing safety—on continued expansion in the yield of existing taxation.

Though formidable, the problem for the coming fiscal year is not insurmountable. But for 1939–40 and 1940–41 its dimensions will present difficulties of a quite different degree. So far as can be judged, we are running slowly into a cyclical depression of civilian enterprise, employment and profits. In 1939–41 annual revenue on the basis of existing taxation and the existing price level may well fall to £850 millions or less. Yet expenditure, on a conservative interpretation of Mr. Chamberlain's "further substantial advances," seems likely to reach at least £1,150 millions. Small wonder that the Prime Minister confessed that his equanimity was disturbed by "glimpses revealed to us from time to time of vast expenditures going on into the dim spaces of the future . . while the boat drifts on to the cataract."

Having piled up a national debt of £7,000 millions as the price of a war whose fruits were a world made unsafe for democracy, the British ruling class—though probably few of them yet realise it—will rapidly be confronted with the question whether the process of financing preparations for the next war is compatible with the preservation of capitalism in the sense of a more or less free economic system functioning under the stimulus of reward for the successful entrepreneur, coupled with confidence on the part of the investing rentier. The question cannot be evaded by saying, as Mr. Chamberlain said in the House, that rearmament has so far not led to a restriction of civilian enterprise. Hitherto the bill—still far from its maximum—has been met from the proceeds accruing to the Exchequer in a period of exceptional prosperity for all but the million and a half unemployed; but those conditions cannot be relied on to endure. Nor is it a sufficient answer to say that the taxable resources of Britain are greater—as they undoubtedly are—than those of the dictatorships against whose potential aggression we are feverishly rearming. The issue for British Capitalism is simply how the Government is to finance expenditure which may easily overtop £1,150 millions a year, and whose diminution is problematical unless some *deus ex machina* abets Mr. Chamberlain's personal efforts in "appeasement" diplomacy.

To run a series of avowedly deficit budgets, with a gap of something like £300 millions a year uncovered by revenue, would be, from the standpoint of a capitalist Government, a risky business. The City still cherishes respect for the traditions of Gladstonian finance; bankers of all countries blench at the idea of State indebtedness piling up without due provision for repayment; even in Germany rearmament loans have had to provide nominally for amortisation within a comparatively short period. Though the stock market now assesses the British Government's credit on a satisfactory basis, borrowing at anything like the scale of £300 millions a year would almost certainly lead to a disturbing increase in the long-term rate of interest. There are only two alternatives—a drastic screwing up of tax revenue or inflation.

The latter course, again viewed through the eyes of a capitalist Government, would have its attractions. Though the rentier would suffer a disguised capital levy, the concomitant rise in the price level would increase the yield of indirect taxation and of taxes on industrial profits. The threat of post-rearmament slump would be averted for the time being, and the burden of rearmament costs would be laid temporarily on the backs of the wage-earning class. On the other hand a stimulus more potent than "going off gold," more efficacious than the 1932

tariff, would have been injected into the national economy at the grave risks of destroying confidence in the stability of money and of letting the movement get uncontrollably out of hand.

The Draconian alternative—collection of more revenue by taxation—presents also awkward problems. When expenditure, as is the case with armaments, is focused in a narrow compass, a large increase of indirect taxation, curtailing purchasing power over a wide range of the population, might have a disastrously deflationary effect. On the other hand, direct taxes beyond limits already approached might well be subject to the law of diminishing returns. The incentive to enterprise on which capitalism has in the past relied could easily be destroyed. There remains—as Mr. Bernard Baruch told President Roosevelt last week—only the possibility of a system of neo-capitalism in which the entrepreneur is regimented by fear, not hope of reward, and the appetite of the rentier is disciplined by a State which enforces "totalitarian" sacrifices all round. It is a system which Germany and, to some extent, Italy appear to be in process of evolving. The class structure of the capitalist State remains, the exploitation of the workers is unabated, but the profit-making motive which, for good and ill, gave private enterprise its old initiative and recuperative power is almost obliterated; and if present Fascist experiments are any guide, the material well-being of the people is the principal casualty.

In this country the dilemma of a capitalism which is forced to ham-string itself economically in quest of its own political security has not yet sharply emerged. Yet that is the direction in which we too are drifting, as Mr. Chamberlain admitted, "to the cataract." That the Prime Minister is sincerely anxious to defend Britain's peculiar version of democracy—a system of Government which works only so long as it does not interfere with oligarchic privileges—we do not doubt. But the ultimate cost of its "defence" may have to be measured in terms not merely of cash but of far-reaching social change.

SLUMS AND RENTS

IT is among the reformer's more disturbing dilemmas that he is compelled, at one and the same time, to protest against the ugly sprawling of our cities and to support the building of houses which will cause them to sprawl worse than ever. He must demand slum-clearance, even in the knowledge that, as matters stand, the cleared inhabitants will be compelled to settle round the edges of the built-up areas from which they have been removed. He must seek to prevent over-crowding of individual dwellings; but he is helpless to prevent the gross overcrowding of great towns. For, given our existing methods of getting houses built, it is plain enough that they will be built just where they will most aggravate the existing problems of super-urbanisation. This applies equally to private and to public enterprise. The private builder will go, in search of profit, wherever a given expenditure will secure the highest rent or selling price. And the local authority, face to face with the necessity of clearing its own slums and rehousing its own overcrowded population, must provide for its people as near as possible to the places where they earn their daily bread.

This dilemma is familiar enough; but one Housing Act after another leaves it wholly unresolved. A single new town, Welwyn, has been created by private enterprise over a period which has been marked by the building of more than three million houses; but even Welwyn would never have been built had those who provided the money for starting it been animated by the motive of getting as much profit as they could. And even Welwyn, though it has now its industries, remains in part a dormitory town. Public enterprise, that of the Manchester City Council, is creating Wythenshawe; but this too is half dormitory. The creation of independent new towns is one of the most important and desirable of reforms; it is practically impossible as matters stand to-day.

The Government's new Housing Bill, so far from doing anything to make the reformer's dilemma less disturbing, will make matters worse. The main principle of the new Bill is to destroy the special subsidies hitherto paid in aid of slum clearance, and to revert to a uniform system of subsidies for slum clearance and general house-building. There is indeed some provision for higher subsidies in respect of flats built on expensive sites—a provision designed to deal with clearances which involve rehousing in central areas in the big towns. But it is plain from the Government's own financial estimates that this type of flat-building is meant to play only a minor part in the scheme. In all, for an estimated annual charge of £2,710,000 on the Exchequer and £1,230,000 on local rates, the figures anticipate a supply of 60,000 special subsidy flats as compared with 300,000 dwellings ranking for the ordinary housing subsidies. This, of course, does represent some relative encouragement to central rehousing, which is indispensable if slums are to be cleared and overcrowding remedied along the lines followed hitherto. But neither the 60,000 central flats nor the 270,000 houses (omitting the 30,000 destined for the agricultural population) will make any contribution at all towards lessening the menace of what we have called "super-urbanisation." The Bill will indeed, by stabilising the general subsidy at a low rate, compel local authorities to do the job as cheaply as they can, and positively forbid them to embark on ambitious schemes of the Wythenshawe type.

As long as house-building is exclusively in the hands of speculative builders and local authorities, the problem is insoluble. Men must go where jobs call them; and both private builders and municipal bodies must build in response to an existing demand which finds its first expression in over-crowding. If we want new towns, we must plan for them; and the planning must be done by a national and not by a merely local authority. That authority must have resources enough to attract industries and provide all the necessary amenities of urban life, as well as the mere houses. It must combine the functions of city-building with those of administering a Trading Estate. It must own the land and the public services, and possess the power effectively to town-plan the entire area. The very possibility of this is bound up with another difficult problem—control over the location of new industries in the public interest. In short, to tackle the thing on the scale on which it must be tackled, if at all, demands imagination of a quality comparable with what President Roosevelt and his advisers have been putting into the Tennessee Valley Authority—though, of course, on a smaller scale. That, plainly, is why it is not done.

"New towns" may, indeed, be something of a misnomer; for there is no need to take Letchworth or Welwyn as a universal model. It would be preferable, in most cases, to take an existing small town—especially in a depressed area—and, having acquired all the necessary property rights, to replan it from start to finish as the centre of an expanding industrial life. The old town will have a character and a history: it will not be necessary to start from zero in building up the civic sense. But the task is plainly quite beyond the powers of the existing municipal authority in such a place. It requires a national body—a Town-planning Corporation or Board with wide powers and plenty of capital to back its schemes.

Maybe it will be regarded as merely Utopian even to dream that the housing problem—or a part of it—can be tackled in this way. But what is the alternative? To go on spending

public money in aggravating super-urbanisation, and to offer the maximum inducement to private enterprise to go on building where it can get all the auxiliaries of housing—public services and amenities of every sort—provided for it free of charge. To acquiesce in the continued agglomeration of industries in and round the great cities—with the certainty that this process adds to the depression of the depressed areas, and will make yet more such areas in the next slump. This policy is, from the standpoint of public interest, idiotic; but it persists, not only because it pays the vested interests, but also because it is bound up with our existing system of local government, and has therefore the forces of conservative inertia on its side.

The new Housing Bill perpetuates and aggravates these evils. The new Rent Bill will make matters still worse. The intention of this Bill is to advance towards the complete decontrol of rents as far and as fast as the fear of public resentment will allow. In 1933 control was completely removed from Class A houses, and Class B houses were made subject to decontrol on change of tenant. Now, if the Government gets its way, the larger Class B houses are to be entirely decontrolled, and the rest thrown with the Class C houses into a single group, to which no further decontrol is to be applied at present. This is not so bad as the proposals of the Report on which the Bill is based; but it is bad enough, for there is a declared intention to proceed with the decontrol of the remaining houses as fast as overcrowding can be reduced—or, in other words, as fast as the Government dares, and can find its opportunity.

It is arguable that rent control, in its existing form, is an anomaly, because, after all the chops and changes of legislation, it is largely a matter of accident whether a particular house is controlled or not. But wherein does the anomaly lie? In our view, it lies in the presumption that housing is not a public service, like gas or water supply, but an ordinary commercial enterprise. The anomaly is that this presumption should have been allowed to survive the development since 1918 of a vast publicly owned housing service. Surely it is clear by now that the provision of houses, even where it is undertaken by private enterprise, ought to be as much subject as gas supply or the railways to public control of the charges made to the consumers. Rent control ought to be, not the exception, but the rule; and instead of removing control by stages we ought to be extending it to all houses, at all events below a certain size, including houses built since the war.

For the absence of control over these new houses enables their owners to charge exorbitant rents; and the height of these rents aggravates the disparity between controlled and uncontrolled rent levels, and gives the owners of controlled houses an added feeling of resentment. People must have houses near where they can get work; and accordingly they must pay what they are charged. This means, in countless cases, the absorption of an undue fraction of income by rent, with well-known consequences on the standards of nutrition—not only among rehoused slum-dwellers, but also among highly respectable " black-coats " who are trying to keep up appearances in an expensive house on an inadequate income. A census of the cost of housing in relation to total incomes among the dwellers in London's new western suburbs would, we believe, show some startling results. And even more startling facts would emerge if a similar investigation were made, say, among the employees of Lord Nuffield's Cowley works—for rent, be it remembered, goes on for every week in the year, whereas earnings very often do not.

Taking the new Housing Bill and the announced new Rent Bill together, we have a body of legislation which will but continue and intensify existing evils. To pretend that decontrol will not raise the rents of the houses to which it is applied is, in most areas, merely absurd. Of course it will raise them: that is what it is for. To pretend that the abandonment of the special subsidies for slum-clearance will not slow down the clearance campaign is again absurd; for slum-clearance becomes all the time a more, not a less, costly business. And, as for the agricultural part of the Government's new housing scheme, it is enough to say that it seems specially designed to encourage the building of new tied cottages, though the tied cottage is the most deeply felt and generally execrated grievance of the rural workers. In short, the new proposals are in all respects worthy of the Government which has made them.

A LONDON DIARY

PEOPLE are still unaware of the change that is coming over democratic England. I have written before of the almost unconscious development of British totalitarianism; if one wants proof that Mr. Eden's departure is another milestone in this steep descent, take the inclusion in the Government of Mr. Lennox Boyd, one of General Franco's most active supporters in this country. He has naturally chosen as his Parliamentary Private Secretary another keen propagandist for Franco, Mr. Grant-Ferris. More surprising is the choice of Mr. Channon by the new Under-Secretary for Foreign Affairs. The promotion of Mr. Channon, an American by birth who married into the Guinness family, I take to be the reward of great determination; his most obvious qualifications for the post are his geniality, his wealth, and his skilfully achieved social popularity. He is, I am told, a personal friend of Herr von Ribbentrop and an enthusiastic pro-Nazi. Once they realise the drift of this Government, people may more easily understand the Labour Party's resolution about rearmament; why help to arm a Government which is pro-Nazi and pro-Mussolini on the pretence that the arms are necessary to fight against Fascism? The programme is a four-power pact with Germany, Italy and a reactionary France, co-operation in Franco's attempted blockade of Spain, and an immense piling up of guns which will some day " go off by themselves " over some absurd issue about Malta or Fiji. I doubt if Mr. Chamberlain realises the depth of resentment roused by such a policy, or how it can happen that a responsible Trade Union leader like Mr. Wall should suggest that factory workers may not be relied upon to make munitions for such a policy. Mt. Attlee hit the nail plump on the head when he said in Monday's debate that:

> Lord Baldwin was like a kind of very fine receiving set—he felt what was happening in the country. The right hon. gentleman (the Prime Minister) does not seem to get much beyond the Midland Regional.

* * *

The Cadman report does not deal with personalities, but it puts a lot of dynamite under chairs. For instance, Mr. G. E. Woods Humphrey, the managing director of Imperial Airways, must be feeling distinctly uncomfortable. I gather that his principal fault has been an extreme dislike of any kind of criticism. Imperial Airways was always perfect, even when it could not get suitable machines to carry out services with reasonable speed or punctuality. Of course, this failure to co-ordinate requirement, design and manufacture involves a criticism of the Government rather than of Imperial Airways, which was not allowed, even if it had wanted to do so, to buy foreign-made machines. But a directorate with wider vision would have demanded—and probably obtained—the right to buy foreign 'planes, with the excellent result of gingering up British construction. The point is very important now, for the Dutch and other people are going right ahead, developing imperial flying with American planes, and if the present policy is pursued we shall see British designers spending the next two or three years working on the ideal all-British overseas model, only to realise when they have found it that the services are safely in the hands of other countries.

* * *

Mr. Neville Chamberlain has at least one merit—he is not attracted by euphemistic evasions. He calls a gun a gun and war war. He is not like those medieval ecclesiastics who were forbidden to shed blood and who therefore battered their enemies to death with maces instead of cutting them up with swords. That, it seems to me, remains the state of mind of a great many present-day churchmen. As politicians

they see no alternative to war and the preparation for war: the fact that war is mass murder and irreconcilable with the injunctions to turn the other cheek, to love your enemies, and resist not evil but repay evil with good, is often more than they can dare to face. So not so long ago the Archbishop of Canterbury was reported as saying that "the use of force, of the sword, by the State is the Ministry of God for the protection of the people"—which would sound less well if put in modern phraseology, the use of force, of the bombing of unarmed civilians by the State, is the Ministry of God for the protection of the people. A little later the Bishop of London went one further. Defending rearmament, he said: "We have drifted into the position of the policeman who has to keep order in the world, but every policeman must have, in the last resort, a truncheon." A truncheon! Ye gods!

* * *

I have heard a lot of controversy about whether criminals can be reformed and the extent to which they are the victims of environment or heredity. Has anyone asked these questions about magistrates? Some are wise and good and take notice of the Home Office instructions not to send young people to prison if they can possibly help it. But some of the magistrates are such terrible old offenders, recidivists so addicted to passing wicked sentences that I doubt if they would be reformed even by a stiff dose of prison with the cat or the birch thrown in. In any case I am not in favour of these remedies, even for magistrates. I take the charitable view that they are not deliberately wicked but only the victims of a bad and expensive education, uncorrected by subsequent experience. If you take the social effects of their actions they are often more cruel and harmful than those of the criminals they sentence. Here is a recent case of a lad of 21 who, the doctors said, was not quite certifiable as mentally defective, but who could neither read nor write and never got beyond the first standard at school. No previous conviction. Offence—attempt to abscond from a workhouse. Sentence—14 days hard labour. Another example. A similar sentence on a man of 26, also in a workhouse. He had no previous convictions and a good character. His offence was that though he was prepared to do any reasonable work, he objected to being asked to do a task which would have spoilt his only suit of clothes and so made it impossible for him to get a job. And what do you think of the case of a boy, illiterate and a bad stammerer, who was given 7 days for failure to pay a fine of 20*s.*, plus 2*s.* costs, when his wages were 26*s.*, out of which he had to pay 22*s.* for his room and board? His offence? Not having his bicycle lamp lit. And remember that, generally speaking, once in gaol always a gaolbird.

* * *

Like most people, I get many appeals for hospitals. Some give straightforward facts; others play variations on different themes of sobsnobbery. But a recent appeal really roused me. It is a facsimile letter, on private paper, from a very successful young writer appealing for funds for a special hospital which treats cancer of the rectum. The general trend is the happiness resulting from giving; mention of the specific disease is followed by the coy remark, "You'll forgive me for being blunt," and so on. Of all this I have no complaint—it may be the necessary technique for getting money. But the real point is the statement: "Hundreds of people are being turned away, people who might be cured, who might be lifted from the depths of a living hell." Is it true that hundreds of people who suffer from this appalling disease cannot get proper medical treatment in this country? The advocates of the voluntary system always reiterate that no one in Britain goes without adequate treatment owing to the lack of accommodation. If they are lying and people in "the depths of a living hell" cannot get treatment, it is a gross scandal, and the sooner the voluntary system is abolished the better. If they are not lying, it is scandalous to send out this kind of appeal. It is curious that hospital authorities do not realise that it is appeals like this which help to build up the case for State hospitals.

"We'll have to pay for this later on," they say as they come out of the sunshine into the village pub for a glass of beer at dinner time. Mr. Park, the gardener, is equally gloomy. "Do you know the old saying?" he asks me. "You are sure to get as many frosts in May as you get in March, except for those you've had in April." Sorting this out I find that he means that (*a*) in spite of the hot sunshine each day so far in March (it is only in London that we've had the fogs) we have also had sharp frosts at night, and (*b*) according to the saying ("that's a rule that almost always works out right," says Mr. Park), the total number of frosts in April and May are together always the same as those in March. Therefore, (*c*) if this weather continues, "we are asking for trouble." The sun will bring the fruit blossom fast and there will be a lot of late frosts to nip it off. Here finally is a rational explanation of the belief that we shall have to pay later on for enjoying the sunshine now. But I am sure that the real explanation has nothing rational about it; it's a guilty feeling that it's "unseasonable" to feel so comfortable in March: we ought to be buttoning up our coats against a bitter east wind. In any case, pleasure, according to the Puritan tradition, is always dangerous, a trap for the unwary to be atoned for later with tears and stripes. Nevertheless I found it very jolly to sit in the sunshine with the sun warm in my face listening to the astonishing "honk, honk" of the wild geese as they fly overhead to the marsh close by with outstretched necks and flat, fast-beating wings.

CRITIC

THIS ENGLAND

Our prize of 5/- for the contribution at the head of the column goes this week to Mr. F. J. Opie.

All cuttings should be addressed to "This England," 10 Great Turnstile, High Holborn, W.C.1.

Extracts should not be sent without their context. The article or passage should be sent in full with the proposed excerpt marked.

On Sundays, as is well-known, the Socialists have a monopoly of political propaganda.—Mr. J. L. Garvin in last Sunday's *Observer*.

Other writers say flogging is unChristian, yet I seem to remember that Christ made a whip of small cords and drove the money-changers from the Temple, merely because they were cheating in unsuitable surroundings. There is nothing to tell us that these money-changers had been guilty of personal violence.—Letter in *Times*.

Thousands of week-end trippers seriously handicapped the police to-day in their hunt for the murderer of Mrs. Margaret Peel, the Fewston shopkeeper.

All roads leading to the village were blocked for hours with cars, buses and bicycles.

Police had to be called from the hunt to straighten out the traffic.

People peered inside the window of Mrs. Peel's cottage.

Others tried to make purchases at Mrs. Peel's shop. They were told by a police-constable on guard that the shop was closed.

Picnic parties also besieged Mrs. Peel's grave.—*Daily Herald*.

Surely we ought to be glad that people stand and stare at politicians in a crisis?

Doesn't it show that we are shaking off apathy and becoming interested?—Letter in *Daily Mirror*.

To say of any M.F.H. that he caused suffering to a fox would be very distressing. To say it of Captain Jaffray was simply unthinkable. —*Evening Standard*.

BRITAIN IN THE EYES OF JAPAN

THE British newspaper reader, although he knows of the repeated attacks on British ships and British citizens from Ambassadors to policemen or soldiers, does not think of these incidents as more than "outrages" committed by irresponsible elements and suitably apologised for by the "moderates" at the Japanese Foreign Office. He would be surprised to read the kind of

discussion going on in responsible Japanese circles, and the pronouncements of Japanese business men concerning Britain "the real enemy" of Japan, "China's accomplice" and so forth. It is still generally imagined that expressions of Anglophobia are due merely to irritation and anger at the fact that munitions still reach China through Hong Kong, and to resentment of the condemnation of Japanese aggression by the British public.

It is, however, sufficiently clear from a perusal of the Japanese press that the real point at issue is that so long as Britain controls Shanghai, dominates the Yangtze valley, and maintains her financial and trading contacts with China, Japan cannot run China's economic life entirely in her own interests. Hence discussion centres round the problem whether to try and drive Britain out now before China is conquered, or to wait until afterwards. A middle course appears to be most in favour, one of "gradual and persistent pushing" as it was expressed at a conference of naval and military officers of high rank on December 4th. The opinions of these various Admirals, Vice-Admirals and Lt.-Generals were published in a recent issue of the widely read *Hinode* Magazine* and are of considerable interest as showing what some very influential Japanese really think of us.

In the views of Vice-Admiral Moriyama:

> Britain instigated China but it never dreamed of such eventualities as the Abyssinian and Spanish issues. Nor could it have predicted that the Soviet Union would so suddenly become powerless because of internal strife. . . . Britain has had it in for Japan ever since the Manchurian incident. Lord Lytton's report to the League of Nations, the attitude of Sir Frederick Leith Ross in reforming China's currency system without letting Japan in on it. . . .

According to Rear-Admiral Sosa the agitation by the American trade unions for a boycott against Japanese goods was at the instigation of British labour delegates who, since they have not got going any material boycott in their own country, were moved only by the wish to diminish American trade with Japan and thus "fatten the pockets of British industrialists."

The gallant naval officers were jubilant over the fact that Italy has greatly enhanced her strength by the Abyssinian war, and they did not hesitate to say that the Anti-Comintern Pact was merely camouflage for an anti-British Italo-Japanese understanding.

Vice-Admiral Moriyama then spoke as follows:

> It seems that Britain is now in no position to make faces at Italy. . . . Japan's fleet is not so feeble that it would squeal: "We can't face the British unless Italy obstructs it in the Mediterranean." But Italy can show a strong front to Britain against the background of Japan. Without it Italy would be uneasy.

Lt.-General Itami's remarks, which followed the above, were apparently too outspoken for the Japanese censor, for several lines were deleted. Some uncomfortably true things which he had to say about British policy *vis-a-vis* Japan were, however, allowed to pass:

> Britain, ever since tying up with Japan, has at times made use of it and at other times pushed it away, in either case trying not to sever relations with it entirely. I find this policy of Britain began about 1902. . . . What did Britain see in Japan? It saw in it a country just strong enough to win a war with China and exercise a restraint on it. . . . Britain realised that its Far Eastern armaments were not adequate to defend its rights and interests in China, and it made use of Japan.

He went on to say that Britain later found herself "hemmed in" between the Japanese and the Americans, who are Japan's rivals in the Far East and whom the British gentleman regards as upstarts. Now Britain is trying to drive the Soviets into "a conspiracy against Japan" and this tie-up with an enemy will prove Britain's undoing. Nevertheless, he warns the U.S.S.R. not to let itself be made a tool of by Britain as Japan was in the past. Sir Knatchbull-Hugesson is accused of having "dragged the Soviet Union into the Sian affair," but the censor has deleted the lines which might have explained what mystery is here referred to. Lt.-General Itami was further of opinion that "at the rate it is going" Britain will collapse in his son's generation, or even in his own, not in that of his grandson as he used to think, for "what it is doing shows it to be a madman or one who is half-sick."

Rear-Admiral Uematsu thus expressed his views on British foreign policy:

> There is no one more thick-skinned than the British in the world's history. They think nothing of making 180° turns in national policy. Thus it may even happen that at this juncture they will make their wonted about-face. . . . I can give you a glaring instance of the shameless manner in which the British changed tactics. It was in connection with the Abyssinian issue. Britain, the leader of the League of Nations, was more incensed over the Italian expedition against Abyssinia than over the Manchurian incident, partly because there was Egypt to think of. Anyway Britain adopted the cause of the Abyssinian monarch, and with the League of Nations behind it moved its Mediterranean fleet to exercise an economic blockade against Italy. As soon as it was all over Britain, which had decried Italy as the disturber of world peace, the arch-aggressor, etc., began getting friendly with Italy. And what excuse did it offer? There are provisions in the League Covenant for exercising Sanctions against an aggressor, the British said, but there is no provision against a power that has already completed its aggression. So we have decided to drop the matter.

Rear-Admiral Uematsu, speaking in the polite language for which the Japanese are famous, said that there is probably no country in the world that "has not at one time or another been made a sucker of by Britain."

Vice-Admiral Moriyama expressed himself in favour of Japan "looking on with nonchalance" since "Britain is bound to collapse without the aid of any outside agency," and has already lost abundant "face."

This did not satisfy Lt.-General Itami who exclaimed: "Something's got to be done. We're spending enormous sums of money daily. We must settle the thing as quickly as possible. For my part I am all for giving Britain a painful little blow so that it will realise Japan means business."

When the representative of the *Hinode* Magazine, who was present at the discussion, inquired what might happen if Britain began to show fight, he was severely crushed by the Admirals who exclaimed: "Don't be ridiculous. What can a Britain which gave in to Italy in the Mediterranean do to Japan 10,000 kilometres away? There is Italy to be taken into account. How can it show any fight? Be at ease."

The discussion thereafter centred around the question as to whether or not it is wise to raise an issue with Britain whilst in the midst of a fight with China.

Lt.-General Watanabe said:

> The purpose of our operations in China must be first to awaken China and then to sweep from China the influence of Britain. The aim of making China return to the principle of Sino-Japanese co-existence and co-prosperity can be achieved only if British influence is driven out of China. Should British influence remain rooted there even after the hostilities, peace between Japan and China would be most precarious. This is a very opportune moment for eliminating British influence over China and there is every necessity for it.

He went on to say that the best way to do this was to overthrow the Chiang-Kai-Shek regime and he stated that, if the Japanese Ambassador in China had in fact reported that there is no possible alternative Chinese Government to that of Chiang-Kai-Shek, he ought to be recalled.

Vice-Admiral Ando then made a remark which lays bare the real motive for the recurring Japanese attacks on British ships and British citizens. "Unless," he said, "Japan peels off the thick skin of the British for all Orientals, especially the Chinese, to see, eternal peace will not dawn in East Asia by a defeat of the Chinese themselves."

He went on to say that the matter should not be rushed, for although the international situation seems advantageous to Japan "because Japan, Germany and Italy would be against Britain and France," they must be prepared to have the U.S.A. against them—at least it seems that the U.S.A. is meant, but the censor has deleted the name of the country which now "cannot be regarded as likely to maintain strict neutrality." It is possible that they referred not to the U.S.A. but to the U.S.S.R., but the former seems more probable.

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* The translation made use of here was published in *Trans-Pacific* of January 13th. Seven reserve officers and one on the retired list took part in the discussion.

Accordingly, Admiral Ando went on to express himself in favour of a policy of "gradual and persistent pushing." He said he wanted Japan to first develop China, with foreign capital, allowing foreigners to share in the profits, and only thereafter to throw Britain out.

The likelihood of mutinies and revolt in India should Britain fight Japan was next discussed, and a few scornful remarks were made about the British Army and its officers, who "bathe every morning and shave very neatly," who "learn their march in dance-halls," and are "at a loss when it comes to digging trenches and doing other hard work." Uematsu declared that "the strongest army in the world is the Japanese, followed by the German, and I suppose the Chinese come about third."

The last word was with Vice-Admiral Moriyama, who brought the discussion to a close with the remark: "Cut Britain off from the Far East, that's my motto."

It should not be imagined that such expressions of opinion as the above are confined to elderly firebrands in the Army and Navy. Outstanding figures in the business world have expressed much the same views in more restrained language. Mr. Goko, Managing Director of the Mitsubishi Heavy Industries Company, in a statement published in the press last January, urged Japan to take over control of Shanghai as the "base of operations of British capital in China." "Japan," he said, "must control the International Settlement and Customs if the Yangtze economic interest is not to be restored to British capitalists."

Mr. Tsuda, President of the Kanegefuchi Spinning Company, recently wrote some articles in the *Ofaka Mainichi* on the theme, "the real enemy of Japan is not China or Russia but Britain." One passage runs as follows:

> The British Navy is powerless before the Japanese Air Force, which by general consent is the strongest in the world. The appearance of our godly air force is enough to cause London to reconsider its attitude. . . . During the Abyssinian campaign the British Navy concentrated 100 warships in the Mediterranean in an attempt at intimidation. Italy countered with a strong air force, and the British warships, caught by surprise, fled west of Gibraltar. . . . I tell the British to refrain from interfering in Oriental affairs.

The above is the authentic voice of Japanese Big Business, not the dulcet tones of Viscount Ishii who on February 17th, at a dinner given by the Japan Society at Claridges, assured his listeners that Japan desires the closest co-operation with Britain and has "no territorial ambitions in China."

FREDA UTLEY

FRONTIER AT GRETNA

[This article expresses the views of a considerable section of Scottish Nationalists. They should not be regarded as those of the NEW STATESMAN AND NATION.]

Is it all to be accounted for by the stretch of time between Flodden Field and Cromwell? Ireland hates England historically and effectively; she obtains, for better or worse, self-government and the leadership of Mr. De Valera. Scotland, sentimentalising now and then over the Flowers of the Forest but reproaching England only for the price of whisky and hating her not at all, gets a Scottish Secretary of State immobilised by a remote bureaucracy, a Scottish Economic Committee dominated by international Big Business, and Mr. Compton Mackenzie. And when an intelligent body like the London Scots Self-Government Committee issues a pamphlet* embodying a scheme of Home Rule for Scotland, reluctance to sever economic ties with the South leads to the formulation of proposals which seem to me fraught with difficulty and calculated in any case to postpone devolution until the establishment in England of a revolutionary Socialist Government. Scottish Nationalists, whose "misguided propaganda" the pamphlet deplores, may be forgiven if they find this a bleak prospect.

In his indictment of the fruits of the Act of 1707, Mr. Thomas Burns, the pamphlet's author, makes his case with excellent effect; and I do not quarrel with his contention that the men who have turned Scotland into a vast Distressed Area have mostly been not Englishmen but Scots capitalists. (After all, who but Scotsmen sold the glens for Clearances?) The curse of Scotland has been that, just as the great Whig lairds exploited the country as their pocket borough from 1707 to the Reform Bill, so the century from 1830 onwards saw Scots economy—with no saving democratic control—distorted and wrecked by a greedy, short-sighted and irresponsible capitalism. The Highlands were left to rot and the agricultural Lowlands neglected; the industrial belt between Forth and Clyde was turned into a sordid slum; economic effort was concentrated on intensive development of the heavy industries relying on exports for their prosperity. To-day maternal mortality in Scotland is 50 per cent. higher than south of the Border; over two-fifths of the population are suffering from malnutrition; overcrowding is six times as bad as in England; the percentage of sickness among insured workers is appalling; and, last summer, despite the precarious blessings of the rearmament boom in coal, iron and steel, unemployment in Scotland was 88 per cent. worse than in England.

The results of putting all Scotland's eggs in one basket—consequences deplored even by the "capitalist" Clydesdale Bank in its latest annual survey—are not merely misery and unemployment in the industrialised areas which have drained the Highlands of men. They are paralleled by a progressive decline of agriculture and fisheries. Over 23,000 workers have been driven off Scots farms in the last fifteen years; farm labour now forms only 9 per cent. of the insured population. In twenty years the tilled acreage has fallen by 17 per cent., and a fifth of the whole area of Scotland is sterilised as deer-forest. The numbers engaged in fishing and ancillary occupations have sunk since 1913 by 30 per cent.; the Scottish herring fleet is wasting away.

What is to be done? Mr. Burns is rightly suspicious of the industrialists on the Development Committee, with their unrepentant advocacy of the "heavy" export trades as Scotland's mainstay. With good reason he points to capitalist failure to start new light industries during recent years in Scotland—a failure closely connected with the miserable level of Scottish working-class purchasing power. Between 1932 and 1935 many more factories were closed than opened in Scotland; the Hillingdon Trading Estate, hailed as a great development by the Secretary of State, is a piffling affair in relation to the magnitude of the problem; capitalism's latest plans, as illustrated by the Caledonian Power Bill, are still based on quest of maximum profit *via* the English market, not on service to Scottish interests. I am wholly in accord with Mr. Burns when he states, as his major thesis, that the rehabilitation of Scotland demands self-government and not merely the establishment of a Parliament at Edinburgh but "planning" on lines which only a Left majority in that Parliament, prepared to nationalise power, transport and the land, could effectively pursue.

It may well be that a Tory Government at Westminster will never grant Home Rule to Scotland; and Mr. Attlee, in a prefatory commendation of the "Plan for Scotland," implies that Labour in office would be favourably disposed to the principle. Well and good. But at the risk of being dubbed a "sentimental" Scottish Nationalist, with an imperfect grasp of the economic factors involved, I confess to perplexity at some details of Mr. Burns's plan. His Scotland is apparently to enjoy a large measure of autonomy. Scottish M.P.s would still attend at Westminster to participate in debates on "reserved" subjects—Foreign Affairs, Defence, Postal Services and (oddly enough) Currency—but Scotland would raise and spend its own tax revenue, less an agreed Imperial contribution. Furthermore, Scotland would have an autonomous Central Bank (though Currency, as noted, is to be a "reserved" subject), a National Investment Board to canalise Scottish

* Plan for Scotland. By Thomas Burns. Maclaren & Sons, Glasgow. 2*d*.

savings, and a Ministry of Planning to initiate and control economic reconstruction. Agriculture, forestry, fishing and the establishment of light industries backed by hydro-electric development would very properly be fostered by the Ministry, and national purchasing power would be raised by enacting a statutory minimum wage of £3 per week, irrespective of sex, and by other labour reforms on Matignon Agreement lines. Finally, the entire import and export trade would be placed in the hands of a special department, whose function it would be so to regulate the volume and wholesale selling price of imports that their net cost would balance the proceeds realised from exports in the world market after paying manufacturers (State Department or private) a " reasonable " price covering costs of production and return on capital employed. In this way, it is suggested, Scottish export trade could be insulated from the effects of a large-scale increase in the internal wage level.

The last proposal strikes me as one which no country would accept unless it had decided to embark on an experiment in totalitarianism *à la Russe* which Scotland is far from being ready to welcome. Apart from the fact that an immense apparatus to suppress smuggling would be necessitated, the political difficulty would arise that, if the Ministry of Planning raised wages to the level likely to be demanded by the majority of the electorate, the loss on sales of exports might be so heavy that imports would have to be curtailed in volume, or made expensive in price, to a point involving a scarcity which would involve the Government in dangerous discredit. All the responsibility and blame would—rightly or wrongly—be affixed on the State Departments concerned.

Let it be conceded that protection is an expedient, not an ideal solution, and that in a perfect world one would not seek to undo the economic union created in 1707. If Scotland, however, as Mr. Burns and I agree, ought to stand more firmly on its own feet and pursue deliberately, as Eire is pursuing, a greater degree of self-sufficiency, why shrink from a frontier at Gretna and the shelter, in so far as necessary, of a tariff whose operation and cost (in return for an insulated price and wage level) would be intelligible to the man in the street and on the moor? Mr. Burns replies, first, that Scotland must avoid the danger of " any kind of trade separation " from England. This seems to me to make nonsense of Scottish economic self-government unless we assume that Scotland is to wait until England, too, has embraced a totalitarian Communist economy. Secondly, he says, a Gretna frontier would weaken " the united working-class movement of Great Britain." If that argument were valid, Ireland ought to be ruled from Whitehall and Dublin Castle to this day.

As a country not over-populated in the aggregate and suffering only from a mal-distribution of population, Scotland offers to-day scope for planned development denied to an England which carries a population far too great for anything like self-sufficiency. Mr. Burns sets forth convincingly what could be done for Scotland by a progressive Government of her own. I am only sorry that he includes—apparently as an essential condition of his plan—a structure of State trade which will not come to-day or to-morrow, and whose functions, for the purpose he has in mind, could be performed equally well by a Customs tariff behind which a Socialist Scotland could gradually emerge.

ALASTAIR

PAINTING THE LILY

" Herr Hitler . . . could not believe it impossible to prevent the Press in democratic countries from printing 'lies and calumnies.' "—*Daily Telegraph, March 4th.*

You cannot paint the lily, nor
The violet perfume,
You cannot gild a golden ore,
Nor blacken midnight gloom;
The honour of the Reich no less
Can be disparaged by the Press.

For credit rests on no report
And deeds themselves explain;
Falsehood could not the facts distort
On Austria and Spain;
The most tendentious versions pale
Before that true, unvarnished tale.

The Reich which arts and science learns
By light from Streicher's lamp,
The Reich where a Niemöller earns
A concentration camp,
To all the world appears to be
Beyond the reach of calumny.

You cannot paint the lily, nor
Perfume the violet;
The records of the Reich outsoar
Newspaper epithet.
The Nazi State may rest content,
It is its own advertisement.

SAGITTARIUS

THINGS MIGHT BE WORSE

THERE are two sayings from which human beings have often drawn comfort in hours of disaster—" It might have been worse " and " It will be all the same in a hundred years." I have always been impatient of those who tried to cheer me with the second of these. If I have a toothache, I object to it, not because it will affect the destiny of mankind a hundred years hence, but because it is paining me now. I remember missing a train with a friend when I was a boy and his saying to me, as we sat down to wait in the station: " Ah, well! It'll be all the same in a hundred years." These centenary reflections made no appeal to me. What I knew was that I should arrive an hour late at the seaside and that no power in the universe could ever restore that lost hour to me. Mankind a hundred years later might be indifferent to my loss, but the indifference of others has never been much of a consolation in times of trouble. Yet my friend was apparently able to delude himself into high spirits with his peep into the future. Was this because he cared less for the Blue Pool and the dripping spectacle of its bathers, or because he was a profounder philosopher than I? I am unable to decide.

As for " Things might be worse," it is another saying in which I find little to inspirit me. In times of crisis, it is things as they are of which I complain. Things as they might have been have little interest when I am suffering. If I am stung by a wasp, I cannot get rid of my pain by telling myself that the wasp might have been a tarantula. If I back a bill for a friend—(it is a purely hypothetical case)—and he lets me in for £20 with his money-lender, I cannot soothe my sense of loss with the reflection that the twenty pounds might have been fifty. To cancel real misfortunes by imagining worse misfortunes is beyond me. In the face of trouble I am a realistic egotist living in the present.

Even while making this confession, however, I cannot help envying those who can drive depression away with a commonplace. After all, the wise man is he who can cultivate the greatest indifference to his own present plight, if the plight is a bad one. And, apart from this, who could be so grudging as to deny human beings the right to extract cheerfulness from whatever consideration they can? The fortune-teller who is fined for reading a policeman's palm may justly congratulate herself on the fact that she is not living in an age in which she might have been burned as a witch. The motorist who is cautioned for running down a motor cyclist and family cannot be blamed for reflecting contentedly that he might well have lost his own life in the collision. There is almost always something to be thankful for. Nearly always things might have been worse. Why

not admit it and make ourselves appreciably more cheerful by doing so?

At the present moment there are many people who are disheartened by the conviction that we of the human race are rattling back into barbarism. Scarcely a year passes that we do not see some great nation behaving as no optimist of fifty years ago could have foreseen. Belief in the essential goodness of human nature had become so common in the time of our fathers that men were growing sceptical even about the crimes of the Caesars and the crimes of the Borgias. Tiberius was whitewashed, and so was Richard III. It is true that the cynically-minded countered this by picking holes in the reputations of a few saintly heroes such as George Washington and General Gordon. On the whole, however, we found it more and more difficult to believe in the existence of evil incarnate except in one or two private individuals like Landru. The worst villainies of public men were regarded as mainly the inventions of Court scandalmongers or biased historians. Of late, unfortunately, our simple faith in the comparative innocence of men in high places has had a number of severe shocks. The inventions of the Court scandalmongers and the biased historians have to a great extent become the facts of contemporary history. So much is this so that the attitude of the ordinary man, on reading that a man in high position has confessed to being guilty of crimes of unbelievable wickedness, is gradually coming to be: "*Credo quia impossibile.*"

This is extremely depressing; and I do not see why we should not be allowed to mitigate our pessimism by an appeal to history for an assurance that things might be worse and indeed once were. If you are distressed by reading the confessions of Yagoda, why not turn to Suetonius and realise how fortunate you are not to be living in the age of Caligula? There are scholars, I have been told, who doubt the truth of Suetonius. Though not a scholar, I once doubted it myself. But now—*Credo quia impossibile.*

Caligula was apparently an extremely popular young man who won the love and devotion of his soldiers. It is said—once I did not believe this—that "he poisoned Tiberius . . . and ordered that his ring be taken from him while he still breathed, and then suspecting that he was trying to hold fast to it, that a pillow be put over his face or even strangled the old man with his own hand, immediately ordering the crucifixion of a freedman who cried out at the awful deed." Naturally, having arrived at supreme power by such methods, he was the idol of the people. When he set out from Misenum, "he was met by a dense and joyful throng, who called him besides other propitious names their 'star,' their 'duck,' their 'babe' and their 'darling.'" There are few things, it is clear, easier to win than the love of the people, except, perhaps, occasionally, in a democracy. It is interesting to speculate as to whether, if Yagoda had succeeded in achieving supreme power, he, too, would have been hailed as the people's darling. Impossible, you may think, for the people hates wickedness. It must be remembered, however, that the people is never allowed to know—and, indeed, never allows itself to know—how wicked its darling, when once in the saddle, has become.

As for Caligula, he was wicked enough to be the chief character in a child's fairy-tale. He had his brother Tiberius put to death, for example, on the ground that "his breath smelled of an antidote, which he had taken to guard against being poisoned at his hand." The truth was that Tiberius "had taken medicine for a chronic cough, which was growing worse." But, in an undemocratic world, this was easily construed as taking an "antidote against Caesar," which was treason and therefore punishable by death.

It is easy to see why the people were passive when their darling murdered Tiberius, but it is difficult to understand how both rich and poor submitted so long to a rule that subjected so many of them to death, torture and humiliation. The only explanation is that an organised tyranny can usually—for a time—do what it likes with a disorganised people and win its loud cheers. Even in the most tyrannical modern State, however, it is difficult to believe that the best citizens would submit for many days to the cruelties and indignities which Caligula inflicted on his subjects. "Many men of honourable rank"—I quote from the Loeb translation of Suetonius—"were first disfigured with the marks of branding-irons and then condemned to the mines, to work at building roads, or to be thrown to the wild beasts; or else he shut them up in cages on all fours, like animals, or had them sawn asunder." Not that Caligula was devoid of humanity. On one occasion, we are told, during a fight in the arena, five *retiarii* were defeated by the same number of *secutores*, and their death was ordered. One of them, however, "caught up his trident and slew all the victors. Caligula bewailed this in a public proclamation as a most cruel murder, and expressed his horror of those who had had the heart to witness it." Once more we have proof of the truth of the old adage that everybody is shocked by something.

Caligula had also among his redeeming characteristics, a marked sense of humour. "At one of his more sumptuous banquets, he suddenly burst into laughter, and when the Consuls, who were sitting next him, politely inquired at what he was laughing, he replied: 'What do you suppose, except that at a single nod of mine, both of you could have your throats cut on the spot?'" It is also recorded that, after kissing the neck of his wife or sweetheart, he would say: "Off comes this beautiful neck whenever I give the word." His supremely memorable sayings, however—sayings which enshrine the logic of arbitrary power gone mad—are: "Let them hate me so they but fear me" (which was a quotation), and "I wish the Roman people had but a single neck."

Allowing for his humanity and his sense of humour, however, we must admit that Caligula was a fairly bad man. We may even go so far as to say that, however distressing we may find some contemporary occurrences, nothing comparable to the insane world of Caligula exists to-day. The world is as yet only comparatively insane. We may be rattling back into barbarism, but, in the words of the old song, "We've got a long way to go." So I conclude, at least, after reading about Caligula. Things are bad, decidedly bad, but they might be worse. That is one comfort. Or is it? Y. Y.

Correspondence

THE MOSCOW TRIALS

SIR,—All the bitterest enemies, not only of the Soviet Union, but of Socialism, democracy and peace, all Fascists, and reactionaries, will applaud the comments on the Moscow Trial made by the contributor of "A London Diary" in your last issue. Writing obviously before he could have been in possession of the evidence adduced by the examinations in court "Critic" does not hesitate to pre-judge the trial, condemn it, and declare that the charges are incredible.

Why incredible? One reason "Critic" advances is the "character and eminence of the accused." Does not the very "character and eminence of the accused" make all the stronger the validity of their confessions and evidence, given in open court in the presence of diplomats, newspaper correspondents and other reputable persons from all parts of the world? Your contributor warns others that they "cannot have it both ways." He is not averse to trying to have it both ways himself.

Do the charges made against the defendants, however, now that he can read their own statements dispassionately, appear so "incredible" to your contributor as they did before? Is it incredible that these persons of "character and eminence," all of whose oppositional activities, open or covert, date in varying stages as far back as not later than 1918, deprived of all hope of achieving power within the Party and the Government, should have resorted to planning "a coup for the overthrow of the Soviet power by violence" (Bukharin)? Has history no parallels?

Is it incredible that in their efforts to create dissatisfaction with the Soviet power they used their positions—in a number of cases achieved after false recantation—to "arrange for the killing of

cattle which were to have been delivered to the collective farms, plan to over-produce cotton and annihilate other industries" (Khodajaev) and commit all the other acts of terrorism, sabotage, wrecking and murder revealed in this and previous trials?

Or that, when the plan for the coup collapsed "because of the unity and popularity of the Party making the success of the project extremely doubtful" (Rykov), they should turn to co-operation with foreign powers for the purpose of over-throwing the Soviet regime (Bukharin) should "establish contact with the Nazis who promised them support, demanding compensation in the form of concessions, privileges in foreign trade and the detachment of the Soviet national republics" (Rykov), or should have "promised Hitler to surrender part of the Soviet territory in return for military assistance" (Krestinsky)?

Is it incredible that Rakovsky, Krestinsky and others should have used their diplomatic positions abroad to further these same ends, or that foreign imperialist governments, not excluding our own, should have been prepared or should have sought to have conversations with them?

There is no ground here for incredulity. Rakovsky placed his finger on the spot when he said last Saturday (curiously enough reported in the B.B.C. News Bulletin but ignored by the press): "We stood to gain all or to lose all. It was a big adventure. If we lost we would be branded as bandits. If we won we would be acclaimed great statesmen." Does your contributor or anyone else doubt that if this "adventure" had come off and they had achieved their aims, Rakovsky and his fellow-conspirators would indeed have been acclaimed great statesmen by many powerful voices abroad? But fortunately for the Soviet people and millions of others in all countries who see in the growing power and influence of the Soviet Union the great hope of the future, it did not come off and that is why these gentlemen are where they are to-day.

"Critic" says he is informed by people who have known him that Rakovsky "is the finest person among all the old Bolsheviks" and that when he was denounced as a Trotskyite he "never crawled as some of his colleagues did." There are some in this country who have known Rakovsky for as long, if not longer, and as well, if not better, than your contributor's informants. These could have informed him that Rakovsky was never "an old Bolshevik" but always—as he himself declares now—"a political and personal friend of Trotsky" and that he contributed an article to the Soviet press at the time of the Zinoviev-Kamenev trial (printed in English in the *Moscow Daily News*) demanding the "merciless application of Soviet justice to the Zinovievite-Trotskyist wreckers and terrorists."

ALBERT INKPIN,
Secretary World Committee.

Friends of Soviet Union,
8 Red Lion Square, W.C.1.

[If the Friends of the Soviet Union want to believe all these strange confessions, no one can prove them wrong. Much of the evidence may unhappily be true. But for ourselves we think too well of the Socialist achievement of Russia, and have too much respect for the heroism of its architects to believe that almost all of them, with the exceptions (so far) of Lenin and Stalin were really foreign spies, saboteurs, wreckers, Trotskyite scum, poisoners and inserters of powdered glass and nails into butter. We do not believe that at any time the actual majority of those in supreme control in Russia were plotting the downfall of the regime they were building up. The number of such "traitors" during the last two years in Russia now runs into thousands and the list includes many whose names the Friends of the Soviet Union have held up to admiration, until, with loathsome servility, they turn round and gleefully hound their former heroes to death. This is indeed an attitude likely to delight the enemies of the U.S.S.R. and to cast the dirtiest light on a history which this journal has held to be the most splendid and hopeful of our age. If we had made one of the present charges against any of these men a few years ago—even against Yagoda—we should have been equally denounced by the F.S.U. What Soviet hero dare we praise to-day? Who is to-morrow's carrion? As it happens, where we have personal knowledge of the people involved we have good reasons for doubting the evidence—Michael Farbman, for instance, so far from being a Trotskyite, was an enthusiastic supporter of Stalin who produced one of the best and (by Russian Communists) most appreciated studies of the U.S.S.R. that anywhere appeared in the British press. But we cannot advance proof—beyond that of common sense—for disbelieving much of the evidence. We only ask how Mr. Inkpin dares to complain of anyone prejudging the evidence when the entire Communist press has shown its anxiety to maintain an atmosphere of judicial calm throughout the trial by exhausting the vocabulary of abuse against the accused before even the nature of the charges or the evidence was known?—ED., *N.S. & N.*]

SIR,—Last Tuesday, after an unduly good luncheon, I found myself at the Old Bailey, watching the Lord Chief Justice try an assembly of malefactors so numerous that the dock had been enlarged to contain them. Among the accused I noticed to my surprise a number of faces made familiar by the newspapers, and each defendant was describing his crimes with candour and fluency. Each began by admitting to clandestine correspondence with Mr. Winston Churchill. Sir Josiah Stamp caused a sensation by describing six hundred and eighty-four railway accidents, most of them entailing heavy loss of life, which he had personally organised, mainly by tampering with the signal-boxes. Lord Horder then confessed that, terrorised by Lord Trenchard, he had poisoned Mrs. Masefield in order to drive the Poet Laureate to his death; and that when this method failed he prescribed for Mr. Masefield midnight bathing in the Isis during an exceptionally cold January, and finally obtained his nefarious Churchillite ends by trepanning him. Lord Dawson confirmed this story, admitting also that he had administered repeated doses of arsenic, apparently with no effect. The Editor of the *Times* confessed that he had for twenty years been guilty of Churchillism, and had planned the deaths successively of Mr. Bonar Law, Lord Baldwin, Mr. Ramsay MacDonald (*after* the formation of the National Government) and of our great hero, the Saviour of his Country, who has succeeded them. These plots, he made clear, had been evolved with the help of foreign agents, including Toscanini, Joe Louis, Groucho Marx and Mistinguett. Lord Trenchard was exceptional among the defendants in denying a few details among the charges, but confessed that he had arranged for the murder not only of Mr. and Mrs. Masefield, but of Sir Henry Wood, Lord Salisbury, Lord Derby, the Lord Chief Justice, Lady Chamberlain, Sir Plum Warner, and Mr. T. S. Eliot. Messages were then read out from the Royal Society, the Royal Academy, the G.F.S and the Universities of Oxford and Cambridge demanding the immediate execution of all the accused. And while Lord Hewart was donning the Black Cap, I awoke.

C. A. B.

THE OBLIGATIONS OF NEUTRALITY

SIR,—The rules of the war game being too complicated for a limited intelligence like mine, perhaps you could set such minds as mine at rest by a brief explanation. About a year ago (rather less) a British warship had to stand by and watch a merchantman being sunk and its passengers drowned, without venturing to help. This was defended in Parliament as being the correct procedure, because the merchantman was within Spanish territorial waters. Had aid been given, the Spanish Government would not have been offended, but General Franco would have been. On March 7th, the question was raised in Parliament whether, fine as was the action of the Royal Navy in saving a large number of men from the sinking *Baleares*, it was quite correct to transfer them to other insurgent cruisers, where they could fight again against their Government. Mr. Shakespeare replied that "The Government do not take the view that they are bound by the obligations of neutrality. Equal treatment is accorded to both sides."

I understand that General Franco is a very charming man.

Oxford. INQUIRER

LABOUR AND SPAIN

SIR,—In your current issue you point out (with a political insight which one could wish commoner in the leadership of the Left), that "the fate of French and of British democracy depends on the defeat of General Franco."

At the moment there seems to be a lull in the fighting, but it would be foolish indeed to be lulled into a false security by that. The overwhelming superiority in the air, and in heavy artillery and tanks, which enabled Franco to recapture Teruel last month, is growing not less but greater, under the daily reinforcements from Italy and Germany, while the Spanish Government is still starved by the blockade which masquerades as "Non-Intervention."

On the issue of this struggle, as you truly point out, hang the liberties, and perhaps the lives, of us all. And the centre of decisive action is not in Spain but in this country. Upon the action of Great Britain depends the fate of the Spanish people, and of European democracy.

In this situation is it too late to plead that the Labour Party should seize the opportunity offered it by the resignation of Mr. Eden to renew, with a greatly increased vigour, the Spain Campaign which virtually died on December 19th, and should concentrate it around the three demands on whose attainment the salvation of Spain depends? These are: the immediate restoration of the ordinary international rights of the Spanish Government to buy arms and other supplies abroad; the complete withdrawal

of foreign troops *and* war material from Spain; and no recognition of General Franco, nor granting of belligerent rights, modified or otherwise, on any terms whatever.

I was a co-opted member of the Committee which was set up by the Labour Party Executive to implement the Bournemouth pledge to launch a campaign on these lines, directed at the Government. I resigned from that body because I felt that the pledge was not being fulfilled, and, moreover, that the Campaign was virtually dead, and was not going to be resuscitated. The situation, however, as you point out, has undergone a radical change. All the omens are favourable for a renewed and intensified political campaign by the Party, to save its Spanish comrades and itself. It is "now or never" for Spain and for us, and upon our choice may depend the fate of the world. S. D. WINGATE

Brabazon House, Moreton Street, S.W.1.

MR. OLIVIER'S IAGO

SIR,—I have read several of the notices of *Othello* at the Old Vic (including that of Mr. Mortimer) before I saw the play and I find them, in retrospect, almost incredible. Even a critic may be taught something by an actor if he keeps his mind open. It was surely obvious that we were looking at a new and profoundly interesting reading of a classical part and that to describe the performance, as most of the critics have done, as if it were no more than a string of mannerisms is very obtuse indeed.

In my generation there have been two conceptions of the part of Iago. In the older conception he is a theatrical Devil. In the newer, he is an Army Quartermaster. Mr. Mortimer obviously went to the play with the latter conception in his mind. So did I. But, as the character unfolded itself in the actor's hands I realised that I and all of us had been blinded by repetition and that we were all wrong. This extraordinary creature of Shakespeare's brain has bemused us all. No wonder. He is a different character to everybody in the play. He has a different rhythm in his speech for each of them. He is a puzzle to Emilia, fascinating and unsatisfying; an agreeable rattle to Desdemona; a decent sort of fellow for a Florentine to Cassio; the last word in cognoscenti to Roderigo; too much of a familiar to be trusted with great responsibility by Othello; bon camarade to Montano; a sound materialistic philosopher to himself; a wit, a rhymester and a soldier to all the world.

At the Old Vic, the nexus of all this was made perfectly clear. We were shown a vital and intelligent man with a diseased and perverted sexual "make-up." His mental and physical forces were at odds and drove him into sadistic mischief and on to the edge of mania. His pathetic rationalisations and uncontrolled bursts of smutty talk were the expressions of his conflict. It is not necessary to accept the doctrines of Neo-psychology to recognise the type. It was drawn from a real man and the picture is horrifyingly accurate.

This interpretation of the part may be wrong; but it seems to me to be the interpretation Mr. Olivier conveyed with great clarity and virtuosity. Whether it is wrong or not it deserves to be noticed and considered and this must be my excuse for troubling you with this letter. An actor who gives us a new Iago does a memorable thing and it is stupid to write as if he had given us a botched job along conventional lines. JAMES BRIDIE

[Mr. Mortimer writes: "So far from suggesting that Mr. Olivier had botched his job, I complained chiefly that this most accomplished actor had made Iago more important than Othello. And his conception of the part struck me as conventional at least in the most important point: Iago did not seem honest and could not conceivably inspire confidence."—ED., *N.S. & N.*]

TRINIDAD AND OIL

SIR,—Dr. Norman Leys now states that I shall find the wage the workers asked for (given by him in his original article as less than £400,000 per annum) in paragraph 175 of the Report. No such figure appears in paragraph 175 and my statement that the workers actually received in 1936 more than Dr. Leys says they had demanded in 1937 is correct.

Council Paper 88 of 1936, referred to on page 49 of the Report, gives the average wage on one field in 1935 as 91 cents per day, but evidence given before the Commission, and which appeared in the local press, showed that the average rate on the fields at present is more than $1.10 per day.

This evidence also controverts a statement in another letter in your issue of February 26, signed by Mr. Lewis.

Mr. Lewis, however, does give the electoral qualification correctly at £62 10*s.* and it would, therefore, appear that the average oilfield worker, at $1.10 per day or more, can easily qualify for a vote.

My point is that whatever the franchise qualification may be, it is, in fact, such that five of the seven elected members represent Labour.

I am aware that Mr. Rienzi is a lawyer, but neither Dr. Leys, in the original article, nor I, in reply, mentioned "member's" qualification—it was "franchise" qualification that was under discussion.

For the accepted meaning of "franchise" I would refer Mr. Leys to any dictionary. HORACE C. B. HICKLING

[Dr. Leys replies: "I refer readers who may doubt my word about wages to line 6 of para. 175 of the Report. Once again Col. Hickling produces figures that none of your readers has access to. The truth is never reached in that way. Last time I felt I ought to recognise that since Col. Hickling has been perhaps the most influential man in Trinidad for twenty years he would be sensitive about the disclosures in the Report. Now I must assert that I cannot accept the private statements of a biased witness. I prefer to believe, and am glad to have the support of, Mr. Lewis, who knows the West Indies even better than Col. Hickling."—ED., *N.S. & N.*]

PHILOSOPHY AND COMMON SENSE

SIR,—Mr. Russell having exhausted his rage in savaging a corpse, the decayed body of "substance," throws it over the fence into my back garden affecting to believe that it is mine. I don't know it, and will have nothing to do with it. Nor will he get me to own it by muttering commonplace scientific ideas at me about Relativity and Quantum Theory. Mr. Russell does not appreciate that on these scientific matters we are not disagreeing about facts but about interpretation. I have tried to provide a theory of isolates that would assist us to understand the changing forms of matter and to act as a guide in transforming them. If I use Matter for the totality, and matter (small m) for certain special regularities within the totality, qualities and ideas for others, the notion of *substance*, that seems to drive Mr. Russell into a frenzy, plays no part. Events and the quantum theory and relativity fit into place. I made no fuss about matter. Mr. Russell has been fulminating over a single page of my book. Our differences on other matters are best seen by his dogmatic assertion that "we can organise the food supply without any particular theory of social dynamics." Replace the words "the food supply" by "war, successfully," and the falsity of the statement should become apparent to Mr. Russell. It is because I feel strongly also about the food supply, a political matter, that the falsehood is immediately apparent to me. It is not that one is blinded by political urgency, but that one's eyes are opened by it. Every piece of social organisation towards a particular end involves some kind of theory of social dynamics.

Much the same confusion rests in his attempt to draw a vital distinction between "the making of history" and "the making of a theory of history." Those who do the former, consciously or otherwise, are also doing the latter, however crude and mistaken.

I refrain from commenting on his last six lines which are both false and libellous. To attack the bona fides of your opponent neither provides the proper atmosphere in which to conduct a discussion nor is consistent with his own statement that one should advocate a doctrine because one sees some reason for thinking it is true. I can see no unity between this theory and his practice in his conduct of this discussion. I have no more to say in the matter. H. LEVY

LOVE OF ANIMALS

SIR,—My attention has been called to your criticism of a remark I was supposed to have made, i.e.: "It is through love of animals that at the last I believe we shall conquer war." What I actually said was not quite so crude. I had referred to Lecky, who in his *History of European Morals* describes the evolution of the ego through love of self on to love of wife and family, to love of nation and then love of mankind and that Lecky says even that is not enough but that love should extend to all creation. I then pointed out that every child—if we wish that change in the world which will make for peace—should receive humane education. Whereby I mean that attitude of mind which acknowledges the need of justice and consideration towards all fellow-creatures, whether human or animal. It is very sad that only too often human beings, directly they see a living creature—especially if it be rare

—want to go and kill it. We need to remember that these living creatures are also part of God's creation; and they, with us, are parts essential to the harmony of the whole.

The consideration and care of the animals are a necessity to humanity, for it is the surest way to help mankind. The child that is taught to look on his family and his nation as superior to others and the only one to be considered will look on all others of different families and nationality as outsiders, and in consequence will disregard their needs, have no sympathy for them and will be ready to pick a quarrel with them. On the other hand, the child that is taught to regard a pig, a dog or even a mouse with the heart of compassion and a mind intent on justice cannot, when it grows up, despise the members of another family or the so-called "foreigner." The desire to exploit others is a weed that could find no root in the heart of such a one.

Such an attitude towards animals does not preclude the study of economical, psychological or political problems any more than the devoted love of a father for his children would preclude his giving sufficient attention to ensure prosperity of his business which he is building up for their benefit.

Animal Defence House, N. HAMILTON AND BRANDON
15 St. James's Place, London, S.W.1.

THE MEXICAN ARMY

SIR,—I have been reading with interest the articles appearing in THE NEW STATESMAN AND NATION, under the title "The Class Struggle in Mexico," written by a correspondent recently in Mexico; and I have not failed to appreciate the ability with which the author describes the political and social life of my country, mingling with facts his own personal observations and impressions, the value of which I do not intend to dispute. I would not therefore, have addressed myself to you were it not for a statement which—apparently believing it to have historical authority—he makes in your issue of the 19th February, 1938, the text of which is "The Mexican Army and bureaucracy are like that and always have been. At the drop of a hat, they will run to the side that pays the most."

This statement is in my opinion neither true nor fair. In the political conflicts which have occurred in Mexico, the Army and the bureaucracy have—as do those of other countries—either followed the Government, or supported the Party which, according to their personal convictions they considered (at times perhaps mistakenly) to be in the right. Though sometimes possibly allowing themselves to be influenced by their subjective interpretations of apparent facts at the moment, or by their sympathies, considerations of profit have certainly played no part in their decisions.

Facts do not support the author's statement that now and always my country's Army and bureaucracy have "run to the side that pays the most"; nor does the present moral standard of our Army and State justify such a disparaging apprehension for the future. On the other hand, in the foreign wars which have unfortunately been imposed upon us, the Mexican Army has displayed an undisputable integrity, and a gallantry second to that of no other in the world. PRIMO VILLA MICHEL,
Mexican Legation, Mexican Minister
48 Belgrave Square, London, S.W.1.

EXPERIENCED IN RUMANIA

SIR,—In suggesting that my "credulity had been imposed upon," M. Dimanesco must have overlooked the title of my article, "*Experienced* in Rumania." True, I was not invited to be present when these two girls were beaten up by Rumanian Fascists. I saw them myself, however, shortly after the assault at the house of a Rumanian lady whom I have known for years and who has known them for years. I cross questioned the victims thoroughly as well as two witnesses of their condition after their assault and recorded their stories verbatim.

It is not a question of the Misses A. and B. disclosing their names; I have them and their addresses. The question is whether I should be justified in exposing them to further persecution. I am afraid that Miss A. may be foolish enough to take such a risk. If M. Dimanesco really thinks it advisable that more publicity should be given to this case, I will ask Miss A. to consent to a full investigation being made by the Secretary-General of the Little Entente, who is a member of the Czechoslovak Legation in Bucharest, on condition that the report is published fully in THE NEW STATESMAN AND NATION.

Vienna. G. E. R. GEDYE

Miscellany

THE APPENDIX

WHEN I stay with my friend R., the Surgeon, we always talk about the books we have been reading and not about the people we know and the lives they lead. His study is full of rare and interesting books; and he can always tell me something unexpected about literature. That evening his talk completely absorbed me and I kept striking fresh matches to relight the cigar he had given me and then letting it go out as I listened or interrupted. It was nearly midnight, but I was not at all sleepy, and wondered how long I could keep him from his bed. Then the telephone buzzed and R. answered briefly: "Temperature rising very rapidly? You think there will be perforation before the morning? Right. I'll come down at once." He put down the receiver and said: "I'm afraid I've got to go out for half an hour or so."

I said I would like to come with him: we could talk on the way and I could sit in the car. It was pleasant suddenly going off unexpectedly instead of going up to bed. I closed the front door behind me quietly; the garage door opened and the big car came gently out. London was not asleep. Knots of women stood at street corners; couples were waiting for the last bus, or the last bus but one. By contrast the hospital seemed asleep. A silent watchman at the door, long, darkened corridors, a courtyard with tall plane trees and the new building with the operating theatre. I was introduced as Doctor Garnett to a couple of curly-haired, good-looking medical students, and we chatted while we washed and R. scrubbed away with nailbrush and carbolic soap. Green bundles were pulled out; we unrolled the sterilised cotton robes and thrust our arms into the sleeves and tied the strings round each other's waists. We covered our hair with green skull caps, and our mouths with sterilised cotton masks. R. was pulling and smoothing skin-tight rubber gloves over his fingers. We were green, white-masked figures more mysterious than the Ku Klux Klan, since beneficence is more subtle than evil. As I followed into the operating theatre a figure was being wheeled in that might have been a drowned sailor under a blanket. A sort of mechanical octopus held the body by the head, with coiled pipes leading to cradled cylinders of gas. It was shifted sideways on to the table. It was a young man, not very muscular, whose whole body rose and fell with deep, regular breathing. He was very much alive. Up and down, up and down, his belly rose and fell without flinching while it was rapidly painted over with absolute alcohol. Green cotton cloths covered all but a large triangular patch of belly. R. picked a scalpel out of a bowl with a pair of forceps, and, with the rapid gesture of a painter starting a charcoal sketch, cut into the flesh. The cut gaped, showing, for an instant, a layer of milky white glistening fat, before the blood oozed and filled the wound and overflowed in lacework that started to trickle down the groin and was sponged rapidly away. After that there was but little blood, which was always quickly sponged away by the House-Surgeon. Elaborate work with scissors followed the first straight cut. After every snip the living edges of severed flesh were gripped in bulldog forceps which locked on to what they held. Their steel handles lay in a ring holding the wound open. Every second a fresh pair of these forceps was thrust into R.'s hand and he used them instantly, and always another pair was waiting. It was fascinating to watch the co-ordinating movements of Surgeon and Sister. The Surgeon was so absolutely unconscious of the hands waiting on the movements of his hands; the Sister, with dark eyes over her white mask, foreseeing every want of the nervous quick-moving fingers. No one spoke. The scissors were dropped and followed the discarded scalpel, and the glistening fingers under the stretched rubber began to work into the hole, into the body cavity, stretching, freeing, pulling. The steel forcep handles lay like the spokes of a wheel which extended over the navel

and above the hip. And all the time the young body rose and fell, breathing steadily without a twitch of a nerve to interrupt its sleep. Up till that moment I had felt my eager spectator's curiosity lit up by a feeling of confidence and pleasure which was due not only to R.'s skill but to the healthiness and purity of everything which scalpel and scissors had revealed. The unwrinkled, ivory skin of the young man's tummy, the fresh, clean blood, the layer of milk-white fat and the serene, unhurried rise and fall of the breathing delighted me, because it was all alive and was such a contrast to the dissections of dead animals that I had undertaken myself. But the glistening transparent rubber fingers were working round something very different. I saw a greyish, shapeless, distended piece of ugliness. Something very foul, dirty and decaying was hidden there, had been lying grossly amidst all the cleanly working pretty mechanism of the live body. It smelt bad. It was almost incredible to find this piece of foulness nestling among the living healthy tissues, while the lungs were breathing so splendidly and the heart was beating. The grey, swollen, foul appendix was protruding now, and as I gazed at it, I felt, not disgusted, but somehow profoundly shocked at finding that a decent young man, with such a clean body outside, could harbour anything so horrible within. R.'s voice fell unexpectedly. He began to talk rapidly to the students, who stood one opposite the other beside him, explaining every detail as he worked. He was gripping and snipping, and then casting aside forever the evil-smelling filthy appendix that exuded pus.

A strip of white lint was pushed into the body-cavity, to mop up the blood; the soaked, scarlet rag cut off and dropped into a bowl and a new piece pushed in, and then another to replace that one. Then the place where the appendix had been cut was painted with carbolic which turned it white and opaque. Strips of corrugated rubber to drain the wound were brought out: they were too big and were cut quickly to the right size and thrust into the wound, which was mopped out once more. The operation was over; the sewing-up began, a swift reversal of all the earlier stages. There were perhaps ten of the bulldog forceps in the circle. Each of these was lifted and disengaged, and the flashing sickle-shaped needle thrust through each cut edge. Then the catgut was quickly knotted and its ends cut off.

The wall of the body is made of many layers which are as free of each other as a man's clothes are. Each has to be sewn up separately, just as if a man's clothes had been cut through the shirt would have to be sewn to the shirt, the waistcoat to the waistcoat and the coat to the coat. When it is finished each layer can slide about freely over the one beneath. As the disengaged forceps were dropped aside they were seized upon and counted by a nurse whose only duty seemed to be to make sure of all these relics. At last the gleaming needle was thrust through the actual skin, drawing the wound up to a mere slit through which the corrugated strips of rubber protruded like absurd labels. The last piece of catgut was knotted. A pad of lint was laid over the wound, the body lifted and loosely bandaged. Still breathing steadily the young body lay unconscious, but somehow triumphant. Already the anaesthetist had removed the tubes and the mask from the head. It was all over. For a moment longer we looked at the unconscious figure, pleased with ourselves; pleased with the team work done, and faintly aware of the germs of curiosity and tenderness and love for the unconscious figure lying between us. For a moment we all thought of him as a fellow-creature; for a moment we were all smiling with a common emotion, and then, abruptly, we separated; we men going through the glass doors on one side while the unconscious figure on the rubber-tyred stretcher was pushed out down the corridor on the other side.

We were pulling off our white gauze masks, stripping off rubber gloves, throwing green caps and robes into used-linen baskets. We were chatting, washing, straightening our ties, before putting on our jackets, when a nurse brought us cups of tea. "Milk? Sugar? One or two lumps?"

A deferential farewell to grey-haired Doctor Garnett and then, as we drove out into London, the surprise of finding that people were still walking about the streets. We began talking again of books as though the scalpel blade and the flowing blood had meant nothing to us. The operation had been just in time; the life of a young unknown man was saved. I should certainly not recognise him if I sat opposite him in a bus. In a month or so he would be walking about and laughing with his friends. He had interrupted us; we resumed our talk about books.

DAVID GARNETT

POETRY AND EXPRESSIONISM

THE serious play is never far removed from poetry, whether or not it is written in verse. The situation which produces a poem is essentially a dramatic one, it is a fusion of forces which are latent in the poet's mind, producing a crisis followed by a new synthesis. In the theatre one speaks always of the actors' "lines" which have a significance quite different from that of the dialogue in a novel, partly because they form the entire material of the play, partly because they are the parts given to different instruments (the actors' voices), above all because, by every device of plot and presentation, they are interrelated like the separate verses of a poem, and the voice of each actor weaving through and contrasting with other voices produces an effect like a rhyme scheme. Finally, there is in the drama as in the poem the immense importance of the symbol as the secret, the key and the solution—the tower in *The Master Builder* and the tower in Yeats's later poems.

The aim of the serious dramatist is to invent a situation in which several characters reveal—in a way which is spontaneous because it is produced by the situation—the fundamental nature of their being and their attitude to life. Now the poet is someone who devotes his life to exactly such a process of self-revelation as drama attempts to produce in characters: his poems are speeches from the drama of the time in which he

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is living. The dramatist defines in his characters the level at which their feelings blend into poetry.

I was not surprised to read somewhere that Ibsen before writing a play would write a poem in which he compressed his whole dramatic situation. (It would be interesting, perhaps, to take, say, a sonnet of Shakespeare and, exploring all its implications, see if one could work out a scenario from it, using the final couplet as the *dénouement*.) Nor was I surprised to learn how much Shaw owes to Mozart's scores, knowing how much of form a poet may learn from music.

To the poet, the question whether he writes a play actually in verse form is immaterial to the essentially poetic nature of drama. If he does not use metre, he will, at all events, need every one of the other gifts which are necessary to give a poem structure. *Mourning Becomes Electra* is not written in metre (though it conceivably might have been), yet it produces the effect of poetry. The beautiful image of the islands of escape which haunts the dreams of all the characters is the level at which their minds move into a world of the poetry of escape.

During the past hundred years there have been several attempts to write plays in verse, and, on the whole, the list of failures has been long and discouraging. These failures are explained, I think, by the fact that the poet went to the theatre determined to find in it an extension on the stage, spoken by the voice, of the whole volume of his poetry. The poet needed the theatre only in the sense that it was a new sphere for his ambition to conquer, but the theatre did not need the poet. The theatre was, as Christopher Isherwood pointed out in a recent lecture to the Group Theatre, preoccupied with the domestic drama, the struggle of woman for emancipation, the conflict of children with their parents, marriage, the younger son becoming an artist or a radical. It is the nature of poetry to be generalised, so that the close and particular realism necessary for a convincing presentation to a middle-class audience of their own family life was not a subject for poetry; Elizabeth Barrett Browning and Coventry Patmore attempted it, but not on the stage. Consequently, the Victorian writers, when they wrote poetic drama, were driven away from contemporary life towards a romanticised historic past: a past which had little bearing on the present, because it was a pastiche of the vision of poets who lived in the past.

The Elizabethan dramatists for the most part used prose as the medium for domestic drama, verse as the medium for history and the contemporary European political scene. They used the medium which was most suited to the stage-presentation of their subject, they did not sacrifice the stage to their medium. Poetry was ill-suited to the domestic and street scenes of such plays as *The Yorkshire Tragedy*, *The Witch of Edmonton* and *A Shoemaker's Holiday*, but it was excellently suited to plays which had as their subject the intrigues of contemporary Italian politics. Why? Because the domestic drama requires a realism of surface fact and recognisable detail; the political scene, taking place in the lives of those who are removed by social and topographical distance from the majority of the people, requires a more generalised treatment, since its realism does not consist for the audience in the minutiæ of Court Life, but in the tradition which the Court represents and in the spiritual significance of political struggles which affect not only the lives of the nobility but of the whole people. In fact, the significance which we attach to the struggles for political power in our time forms in our lives an unwritten poetry, as much as our dreams or legends of the past.

In striking at a deeper level of reality, poetry not only embodies a more generalised truth with a far wider range of reference than prosaic realism, it also overcomes certain practical and technical difficulties of presentation which seem wellnigh insurmountable. Blank verse enabled the Elizabethan poets to portray Renaissance Italy without building up an elaborate and convincing atmosphere of naturalism which could only be derived from close observation and magnificent stage-craft: it solved, by a masterly evasion, the problem which Hollywood usually fails to solve when it spends millions on building up a set. No less important to the Elizabethan poet was the practical problem of evading a censorship of certain facts and opinions. The prosaic fact offends where the poetic generalisation does not. The poetic drama was a means of striking with one blow at the heart of contemporary political problems, but the stroke was oblique. Without the medium of blank verse the subjects which the Elizabethan poets treated could never have been treated. It is not the medium which creates itself out of nothing (as many contemporary critics seem to think), it is the subject which imperiously demands that it should be written about, and, in order to write, the writer must create his medium.

Some years ago T. S. Eliot wrote an essay suggesting that the poetic drama would reappear by way of the music hall stage, where a tradition of spoken verse already exists. To my mind, this is only an ingenious restatement of the position of the Victorian poets who wanted to recapture the stage for poetry; whereas the Victorians proposed to succeed by the tremendous assault of their admirable diction, Mr. Eliot proposed to get in by a back door. But actually it is not the tactics of poets which may bring about a new poetic drama, but the emergence of a situation which has parallels with that of the Elizabethan writers. Owing to war, political tyrannies, rival ideologies, uncertainty about the future, the attention even of the complacent middle-class theatre-going public is more and more directed outwards from themselves and their families to a picture of an extensive conflict which has the world as its scene, and in which their lives are less significant than pawns. The domestic drama which, a generation ago, raised temperatures to fever and filled the press with outraged controversy is now (unless it is used as a symbol for something much larger, as in *Mourning Becomes Electra*) a relaxation for those who are fatigued with the problems of the world. Although relaxation is good, the problems of the world demand the limelight and if the stage ignores that demand it will become a second-rate art.

It is not then any sudden development of the music hall

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(which is rapidly disappearing), but the expressionist drama which is the true symptom of the need for a poetic drama. The post-war expressionist plays of Ernst Toller, Georg Kaiser and Berthold Brecht were an attempt to create on the stage a picture of the political scene in Germany as it affected the life of the people. In order to do this the expressionists were driven not only to the use of stage devices which, by their shocking realism, upset the nerves of the audience, but also to verse. The verse of the German writers—as, more recently, of Sean O'Casey and Denis Johnstone—is not distinguished: it is, really, like the whole apparatus of the expressionist stage, a hastily constructed improvisation to fill the need for a calmer, more permanent form, and that form, which should take the place of the expressionist experiments, is the poetic drama.

At present, the plays of Auden and Isherwood and the group of writers collaborating with the Group Theatre are experimental and they owe a good deal to expressionism. Some of their devices, such as the soliloquy and the chorus, seem to me justified: the soliloquy because it represents the stream of secret or unconscious thought in the individual; the chorus because it expresses the generalised mood of a body of opinion at a certain time. But I believe that the writers of poetic drama will learn to do without improvisation as they build up a form which aims at a calm realism: a realism with a wide range of reference to contemporary problems, and with an approach which can evade the surface naturalism of the prose drama and the whims of the censor.

STEPHEN SPENDER

MASS-OBSERVATION

A REPLY

Certain we are of this, that when the wind comes,
It may be deceptive and sweet and finally blow to
Shipwreck and ruin between here and the next port of call.
At all times we think of this.

Does anyone at all times think of this? Such is the marine picture given by poetic Reed in a recent NEW STATESMAN AND NATION. Two days before, we had in the *Listener* poetic Armstrong's:

They climbed the stone stair through the windy dark,
Entered their chamber, shut the door, and there,
Divided by an ocean of despair,
Gazed each on each, more mute and more alone
Than sunken shapes of stone.

Or, put another modern poetic way:

I'll love you till the ocean
Is folded and hung up to dry,
And the seven stars go squawking
Like geese about the sky.

These being the words of W. Auden's latest contribution to the NEW STATESMAN AND NATION (Jan. 14th). I am now only bringing up to date a point that I fully documented in a recent analysis of the subject-matter of modern poetry, written by way of a rest from Mass-Observation, for a minor university journal called *Light and Dark*. I showed how modern poets were obsessed by the sea and the deepness, and I suggested that this was due to sea's apparent timelessness, etc., etc., linked to the contemporary artists' retreat from present reality and the nasty-looking future. Auden's own Ox-observation was stated in the *Listener* (Feb. 9th, poem "Oxford"):

Yes, over this talkative city like any other
Weep the non-attached angels. Here too the knowledge of Death
Is a consuming love.

This description confirms mine, as regards Oxford. But I question the "any other." In my analysis I pointed out that modern poetry had the habit of generalising for humanity from their very limited personal experiences. Few of them are competent to tell us what happens in an ordinary talkative city. Few of them could even understand the language of most people in such cities. My own detailed studies, with some twenty helpers for over a year, have so far altogether failed to find in industrial Lancs this Audenic-angel-trouble, and—as I pointed out in my analysis—poetry is exaggerating the social importance of death with a capital D.

But apparently to talk in this way, or to criticise such men as Auden, is the new heresy. "How pathetic is his attempt to debunk a man of whom it is an impertinence for him even to write," says a remarkable pamphlet called *Challenge to Tom Harrisson*, which rallies to the defence of culture generally and G. W. Stonier especially, with a fine critical and literary objectivity: "He (Harrisson) loathes and fears Stonier because he was unable in any way to answer Stonier's reasoned criticism of Mass-Observation. His reply to Stonier, as to all criticism, is personal abuse. Stonier ignores him because he has no time to spare for children who lose their tempers when they find themselves in difficult positions." Sounds like Goebels on: Jewry and the Führer.

Apparently, however, Stonier can always spare time to smack the elephantine bottom of the angry Tomchild. No wonder he calls the *Challenge* "a cracking reply"; *such* an exposure. It is: it reveals Stonierism in a ripe and fruity adolescence. Price 3*d*.

I pointed out, for example, the exceedingly odd menu involved in *The Year's Poetry*, with main items of oyster, opium, lotus, nutmeg, a grandfatherly brisket, and some nice parsley. Stonier laughs that off by misquoting me, stupidly. Not that I give a damn what they give their muses to eat. I only say that this is an inadequate picture of contemporary civilisation. As poetry it may well be exquisite. As verifiable fact it provides no basis for the too-frequent claim of poets to be realists, persons who tell us all about the life around us, etc. Stonier interprets this as meaning that I am making an official pronouncement on behalf of Mass-Observation that "Literature must go." I never said or thought any such thing. I do think that the territory of contemporary literature needs re-defining. I am in complete agreement with Stonier's quotation from Max Eastman. "Literature will lose more and more its privileges of *instructing*, as exact knowledge increases, but that it will keep its place as a means of communicating experience." But I suspect that Stonier will fight to the last ditch, slinging mud all the way, to preserve his long-held prerogative of instruction.

There's no room to answer his other points. I will do so elsewhere Only his last paragraph is relevant here. He asks "Are they (mass-observers) so much more capable than Mr. E. M. Forster, Mr. Wells, Mr. Priestley . . . of sorting out what goes on under

MR. BALDWIN:
"There has not been, there is not, and there will be no question of huge armaments. . . ."
("*Keesing's*" *page* 1871 *para. A.*)

MR. CHAMBERLAIN:
"We are in this Country now engaged upon a gigantic scheme of rearmament . . . ."
("*Keesing's*" *page* 2948 *para. F.*)

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their noses?" No. I don't suppose we are much more or any more capable. But these gentlemen are unfortunately otherwise engaged. They have helped the next best way; Wells and Priestley have been on our Advisory Panel from the start. Surely all depends, in the first place, not on sorting but *seeing*; and on *what goes on under your nose*. It also depends where you poke your nose, and if you ever stop looking down it.

I do not think that Stonier and his undergraduate colleagues have proved me very inaccurate. He shows me up by adding another line to a quotation I used from Macniece (he didn't mention that I used 34 quotes to illustrate my theme), thus proving to his own satisfaction that I had falsely attributed a Macniecish death-emphasis, and thus showing my inability to understand poetry or be accurate about anything. (He, poetic connoisseur, makes three misprints in quoting five lines of Macniece, which is three more than me.) Why not go on, then, and give the concluding lines of the poem; the "Epilogue to *Letters to Iceland*," for W. H. Auden:

> Still I drink your health before
> The gun-butt raps upon the door.

Mac has already told us where he is at this about-to-be-gun-butted time in a stirring stanza:

> Here in Hampstead I sit late
> Nights which no one shares, and wait
> For the 'phone to ring or for
> Unknown angels at the door.

Ah, poetry! I pointed out in *Light and Dark* that these chaps were supernaturally keen on angels, but I overlooked this knock-about artistry of their everynight lives, so brilliantly put by Auden in the NEW STATESMAN AND NATION last month:

> The glacier knocks in the cupboard,
> The desert sighs in the bed,
> And the crack in the tea-cup opens
> A lane to the land of the dead.

While sympathising with such poets in their domestic (and sexual) difficulties, I feel it is equally useful for some intelligent people to look at things as they actually are in a social context, to obtain and to publish information on pubs and public opinion, pool promoters and non-voters, the effect of radio and means test on family life, the words that ordinary folk understand and the words that they get from the pulpit, etc., etc., etc. I do not accept the reiterated Audenic attitude:

> The earth is an oyster with nothing inside it
> Not to be born is the best for man.

That is too futile to need discussion. But I should like to know why Stonier is at such trouble to tell us how to or not to mass-observe. Ten different people have now had their little jokes about us through the hospitality of your progressive columns. Can we live on in the hope that one day you may come across a competent social scientist with fieldwork experience, and ask him to tell us whether M-O is scientific or sensible. Why not ask Prof. Malinowski? It will by now perhaps have been proved to your readers' satisfactions that we are not as artistic as G. W. Stonier.

TOM HARRISSON

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Stephen King-Hall

MOTHERING WEEK AT THE MOVIES

"In Old Chicago," at the Tivoli.
"Of Human Hearts," lately at the Empire.
"Troika," at the Berkeley.

Mothering Day falls, I am told, in March; and perhaps that explains why for the past week auditoriums have been resonant with strangled cries of "Mom," "Ma" and "Maw." We, who do our mothering, if at all, at haphazard intervals, come in willy-nilly about this time of the year for a backwash of transatlantic mother sentiment. Of the two American films listed above, one is very nearly first-rate, while the other is merely good box-office; but large tracts of both are submerged in the spring-tides of Middle Western maternal adoration. By a strange coincidence *Troika*, too, a French film about armaments racketeers, is reduced to the same universal formula; a theme which demands serious treatment (imagine the cinematic possibilities of a life of Zaharoff) and which in France might have been allowed to receive it, peters out into a tedious, badly acted stolen-document drama, containing some extraordinary geography—Poland seems to be contiguous with China—and much lamenting and fussation by mama over her kidnapped child.

Undiluted mother love can spoil a serious theme; but it cannot damage *In Old Chicago*, whose story is simply an excuse for another of those cataclysms which are now the accepted climax for a million-dollar movie. Mr. Darryl F. Zanuck, having decided to make a big picture of the Chicago fire of 1871, has fallen back on the old plot of corrupt municipal politicians and a noble young lawyer. Now municipal politics always go well on the screen; they still play a far more important part in American affairs than in our own, and they mix nicely with sexy saloon shows. To reconcile the theme with an orgy of mother love was a tougher proposition, but Mr. Zanuck has managed this too. Mama is—of all people—Alice Brady; and the regular film-goer will enjoy her transformation from our favourite social featherpate into an Irish washerwoman with a tart tongue. She has three sons, Tyrone Power, Don Amèche and Tom Brown; and my, how those boys do hug and tease and tickle and kiss their momma. Tom Brown is a good boy who marries a German girl with the most improbable German accent I have ever heard; Don Amèche is the noble lawyer; and Tyrone Power is a walking mass of blarney who promotes successful and lavish saloons and plunges happily into dishonest politics. Unexpectedly, he supports his brother's cause as mayoral candidate, "maybe," he explains wistfully, "just to see the smile on Maw's face when she rides beside you in the procession." But even the thought of Maw cannot maintain good relations between the two brothers, and things are in a bad way when Maw's cow kicks over a stable lamp and sets fire to Chicago. At this point everybody in Twentieth Century Fox rubbed their hands and started in on the serious business, producing what must be termed a very respectable conflagration indeed. But we have been spoiled by the unique talent of Mr. Basevi for cosmic catastrophe: compared with his

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THEY DRIVE BY NIGHT

LEWIS BROWNE
OH, SAY, CAN YOU SEE!

ELIZABETH CAMBRIDGE
SPRING ALWAYS COMES

JONATHAN CAPE THIRTY BEDFORD SQUARE LONDON

locusts and earthquakes and hurricanes, the fire fails to wring our withers. It contains, however, some impressive photography; notably a grand shot of the blazing city across the river through which caravans and carriages are plunging to safety.

The only good film of the week, *Of Human Hearts*, will unfortunately have finished at the Empire the day before these notes appear; but it is good enough to be worth watching for when generally released. A study of family life in the household of a minister in a remote part of Ohio, it is notable for the exemplary direction of Clarence Brown and for half-a-dozen performances of outstanding merit. The village community is presented with delightful humour and all Mr. Brown's skill in the creation of period and atmosphere; there is a scene in a mountain cabin, where the minister and his son are entertained by an isolated pipe-smoking old woman, which will remain long in my memory, thanks to the superb acting of Leona Roberts. The film describes the conflict between the minister, a man of dignity and honour but of Calvinistic rigidity, and his son, who wants to be a doctor, and cannot understand how his father can bury himself in so wretchedly poor an outpost of civilisation. Walter Huston is at his best as the father, and as young Jason, a newcomer named Gene Reynolds, gives a performance of touching sincerity, comparable to Freddie Bartholomew's David Copperfield. The scene between the boy and the drunken village doctor (Charles Coburn) is miraculously free from false sentiment. When Jason grows up, he turns into James Stewart, who is notably less bright-looking than his small predecessor, but conveys powerfully the son's growing dissatisfaction; he leaves home, works his way through a college of medicine, and becomes a valuable surgeon lieutenant in the Civil War. Then—and this is the rather slight moral of the whole picture—he forgets to write home to his mother, and has to be reprimanded by President Lincoln himself, who sends for Jason in the middle of the fighting and sits him down at the Presidential desk to write a letter to "Dear Mom." Before long dear Mom has her son and even her favourite horse Pilgrim restored to her. Do not be deterred by a sentimental conclusion from seeing a film whose sentiment is in general as sound as its execution is brilliant. It is seldom that we come to know any people on the screen as intimately as we know the Rev. Ethan Wilkins, his wife (Beulah Bondi) and his rebellious son.

PETER GALWAY

PLAYS AND PICTURES

Christopher Wood at the New Burlington Galleries

Christopher Wood's life as a painter began in 1921 and ended with his death in 1930. It includes the post-war boom, the short-skirt crisis, the bob, the Eton crop; it is a heyday for whimsicality and irresponsible charm. Bright Young Things dig up Piccadilly, A. A. Milne makes a fortune out of a clean-limbed Teddy bear and "public school men" defeat the general strike. It was a great time for cocktails and really elaborate parties; seriousness was banished by a generation which had seen through the pompous savagery of a great war. Above all it was an unreflecting and an unrealistic generation of sad hedonists. In these nine years Christopher Wood painted 450 oil paintings that survive. About three-quarters of these, as well as a great many water-colours and drawings, have been collected together by the directors of the Redfern Gallery and are hanging in the New Burlington Galleries. In quantity few artists have so much to show for nine years' work, in quality Christopher Wood comes through the difficult test surprisingly well. From the beginning his work has the confidence that gives it an individual distinction. He could command a multiplicity of charming gestures. Though he did nothing which can compare with the masters of post-Renaissance painting, he is so much of a stylist and so much the artist of his epoch that it is not surprising to find his assurance taken for mastery. It is useless to speak of what might have happened, but, since Christopher Wood's name is bandied about at the exhibition with those of Greco, Leonardo, Gainsborough and Socrates, it seems only fair to point out that what he did was not a foundation for a great art, but the consummation of a small one. In the last fifteen months of his life Christopher Wood attained his maturity. Luscious and fanciful, lyrical and exquisite, it had gone as far as it could on those lines. His method defeated itself. To put down his great feeling for cliffs and beige cottages, sea and fishermen's nets, he pressed too hard and produced in the end little more than a loving caricature, a vivid but too superficial and fleeting an impression. His fishermen are dolls, his boats are blackened cardboard. It was his chance to belong to a generation which preferred to see through the rose-coloured spectacles of formalism, and only great artists can transcend their period. It is this that limits the permanent appeal of his pictures. The works of Christopher Wood are already dated and it seems likely that they will become, in the future, not exactly Old Masters, but period pieces to go with your grandmother's cocktail cabinet. There is on sale at the exhibition a complete list of surviving works by Christopher Wood with 21 illustrations in colour, 17 in monochrome and a too laudatory introduction by Eric Newton all for the remarkably small price of 2*s*. 6*d*. The exhibition itself and the catalogue are free.

André Masson at the Mayor Gallery

The recent paintings and drawings by André Masson are considerably better than those at his last London exhibition at Messrs. Wildenstein's. But it is surprising to find a painter who seemed to have matured a personal vision now succumbing so conspicuously to the influence of the Grand Old Men. The painting, *Pasiphae*, is quite candidly derived in feeling as well as in style from Picasso and the drawings are influenced both by Picasso and Matisse. They are remarkably good drawings too. The insect-forms which were preoccupying M. Masson a few years ago reappear in *Baladins en Voyage*, but the colour has changed from an Expressionist or Central European brilliance to the wan tones beloved of Mr. Disney. A picture entitled *After the Execution* is a passionate comment upon the habits of Franco's supporters: sinister priests, and gibbering heads with mouths linked by a scorpion, occupy the foreground, in the company of an ass or mule, while in the distance a corpse bears the signature of death on its breast. This painting aims at the intensity, but only attains the atrocity, of a Goya. Weaken the plastic values of a picture, and however barbed its point, it is an arrow without feathers that will not fly. *Narcissus* has the swooning amorphousness popular in Surrealist circles, but it contains some beautiful colour. M. Masson continues to promise, and to disappoint. But he is one of the few French painters of the post-war generation who excites deep interest, and the drawings in this exhibition are startlingly good.

THE COMING WEEK

SATURDAY, March 12th—
- Robert Mayer Concert for Children, Central Hall, 11.
- Stephen Spender on "Verse in Drama," Unity Theatre, 3.

SUNDAY, March 13th—
- Gerald Bullett on "Ethics and Religion," Conway Hall, 11.
- Chamber Music Concert, 6.30.
- "Ramuntcho," Film Society performance, New Gallery, 2.30.
- Unity Theatre production of "Aristocrats" on behalf of Spanish Dependent's Aid Fund, Phoenix Theatre, 2.30 and 8. Tickets from 1 Goldington Street, N.W.1.
- Ronald Kidd on "Where Do Our Liberties Stand Now?" 153 Finchley Road, 6.15.

TUESDAY, March 15th—
- Dr. D. A. Crow on "The Pacifist Faith of a Surgeon," Friends House, 1.20.
- Protest Meeting Against Ghetto Benches and Anti-Semitism in Polish Universities. University College, 6.45.
- Dr. Käthe Lichtenstern on "Vienna," Morley College, 8.
- B. Seebohm Rowntree on "The Condition of the People," Manson Hall, 8.15.
- "King of Nowhere," Old Vic.

WEDNESDAY, March 16th—
- Central European Dance Matinee: Programme of Contemporary Dances, Little Theatre, 2.30.
- Prof. G. W. Paton on "Whither Jurisprudence?" London School of Economics, 5.
- Harry Pollitt on "World Politics To-day," Conway Hall, 8.
- "Operette," His Majesty's.
- "La Peri," Ballet Rambert, Mercury.

FRIDAY, March 18th—
- Third Annual Conference of the National Labour Organisation, Caxton Hall, 3.15. And on March 19th, 10.30 and 2.30.
- "Trial of a Judge," by Stephen Spender. Group Theatre production at Unity Theatre, Goldington St. Till March 26th.

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The Week-end Review

Spring Announcements Supplement

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COUNTRY HOLIDAY

A YOUNG couple, newly married, were walking up and down the platform of a country railway station. His arm was round her waist and she clung to him and both were blissfully happy. From among the clouds the moon was watching them—a sullen jealous moon, sick and tired of her useless trust. The still air was heavy with the scent of wisteria and limes. Somewhere along the line a nightjar screeched. . . .

"Isn't it lovely, Sacha, isn't it lovely?" said the girl. "It's like a dream. Just look at that little wood, isn't it pretty and cosy? And these telegraph poles . . . how strong and silent they are! They brighten the landscape, Sacha, and show us that somewhere far away there are people living and civilisation. . . . Oh, don't you love the way the wind brings the sound of the train nearer and nearer? . . ."

"Yes . . . but why are your hands so hot? You must be excited, Vera. . . . What's there for supper?"

"Ham and eggs—there's enough ham for two, and they've sent sardines and smoked salmon for you from town."

The moon, as though she had taken a pinch of snuff, hid behind a cloud. Human happiness recalled her own loneliness, her solitary bed in the woods and valleys.

"Let's wait for the train and then go home," said Sacha, yawning. "It's wonderful living together, just you and I—so wonderful, it hardly seems true."

Like a huge black monster, the train silently entered the station and drew up. Through the half-lighted windows of the carriages, sleepy faces, hats, shoulders could be seen. . .

"Oh, look, look!" cried a voice from one of the carriages, "Vera with her husband! She has come to meet us! There they are! Vera dear! Vera darling!"

Two small girls jumped down from the train and flung their arms round Vera's neck. Behind them came a voluminous woman and a tall thin man with grey side-whiskers; then two schoolboys laden with luggage, and behind them a governess, and behind the governess, the grandmother.

"Here we all are! Here we all are! My dear chap!" began the gentleman with the side-whiskers, shaking Sacha by the hand. "You were expecting us, weren't you? Here, you youngsters!" he shouted, "what are you doing? This won't do at all! Kolya, Kostya, Nina, Fifa! Come children and kiss your cousin Sacha! We've all come to stay with you for two or three days! Hope we shan't be any bother . . . you mustn't make any difference for us, you know . . ."

The young couple were dumbfounded. While their uncle was kissing them and talking, Sacha was picturing the whole situation in his mind. He and his wife would have to give their guests the three bedrooms, sheets and pillows; the sardines and ham and smoked salmon would be gone in a second; the cousins would pull up the flowers, spill the ink on the table and make an infernal noise. The Aunt would talk of nothing but her ailments (ringworm and heart disease) and the fact that she was bo rn the Baroness von Vintich . . .

Sacha scowled at his young wife. "They've come to see you . . ." he whispered, "the devil take them away again!"

"Not at all! To see you," she retorted, white and frowning with as much resentment. "They aren't my relations, they're yours!" and turning to the visitors with a smile of greeting, she said, "You are all welcome!"

The moon floated out of the clouds. She seemed to smile, she seemed glad that she had no relations.

Sacha turned aside to hide his annoyance, and making his voice as friendly and cheerful as possible, he said, "You are all welcome, my dears!"

ANTON CHEKOV

(Translated by M. H.)

ORPHEUS IN THE UNDERWORLD

CURTAINS of rock
And tears of stone,
Wet leaves in a high crevice of the sky:
From side to side the draperies
Drawn back by rigid hands.

And he came carrying the shattered lyre,
And wearing the blue robes of a king,
And looking through eyes like holes torn in a screen;
And the distant sea was faintly heard,
From time to time, in the suddenly rising wind,
Like broken song.

Out of his sleep, from time to time,
From between half-open lips,
Escaped the bewildered words which try to tell
The tale of his bright night
And his wing-shadowed day,
The soaring flights of thought beneath the sun
Above the islands of the seas
And all deserts, all the pastures, all the plains
Of the distracting foreign land.

He sleeps with the broken lyre between his hands,
And round his slumber are drawn back
The rigid draperies, the tears and wet leaves,
Cold curtains of rock concealing the bottomless sky.

DAVID GASCOYNE

FANNY BURNEY

Be Loved No More. The Life and Environment of Fanny Burney. By A. B. TOURTELLOT. *Allen and Unwin* 10s. 6d.

Mr. Tourtellot has written the story of a decline: its moral appears to be: "Beware of having too many nice friends." Fanny Burney should have been her own heroine; her life exceeded her fancy; the illusions, triumphs and predicaments that beset her were more striking than any she could have devised. To an extent, no doubt, she was her own heroine; she can never have failed to see what was happening to her, and she always had the resource of quiet enjoyment. She should have written more novels—as it was, she became more deeply embroiled with life than could have been the most interesting of those young females who failed to follow *Evelina* and *Cecilia*. She assisted at scenes of an excruciating delicacy; she was chased round Kew Gardens by a dotty king; she put in those final weeks at Brighton with Johnson and the renegade Mrs. Thrale—weeks whose tension and squalor must have been without parallel. Her prepossessing qualities as a young person, her ability to play up to success were, apparently, the ruin of her career. Winning, unostentatious, she enjoyed—as which of us would not—exercising discreet power in illustrious sets. She remained the young person *par excellence* up to the end of her thirties. She then fell in love with d'Arblay, during an intermission, when a promising new attachment, to Mme. de Staël, had been, by Dr. Burney, untimely nipped in the bud. Her marriage isolated her: for the first time, she had to live her own life, instead of other people's. As a social person, she came to an end.

From the title on, Mr. Tourtellot's book has an emotional quality. This is clearly a period, a society in which his fancy loves to dwell. Nostalgia has inspired very careful research; also, he seems to have bathed in the doubtful charm of these beings with every pore open. He does not, for some reason, render this charm well—for that something more is needed than nostalgia and diligence. His style is far from happy; it is too heartfelt—but on the other hand, how honest not to affect irony. Of laborious irony, and of "atmospheric" writing *Be Loved No More* is entirely innocent: this is, indeed, its greatest, if negative, merit. Also, he has assembled his matter well; as the book proceeds he vibrates less and the narrative gains much in compactness and speed.

As for the absence of atmosphere, does this arise from a proper strictness, or does Mr. Tourtellot lack some susceptibilities? He shows little sense of time-colour. He seems quite unaffected by the nature of places in which events occurred—or has he perhaps not visited some of them? In an outlying part of Chesington, now Chessington, garden, away from the small, gay zoo, a miniature train, chuffing through an arch in a beech hedge, dashes past the mulberry tree under which, so the label says, Fanny Burney sat to write *Evelina*. The train, the band from the circus and the zoo-cries fail to ruffle the well-like calm of this retreat at the end of the walled garden. It is at Chessington that Fanny can be remembered most happily; it was here that she wasted least of her time—till she had lost what she owed to the vigilance of Samuel Crisp. Had there been less of Streatham she would have done better. Her martyrdom to her own too-well-known tact was to reach its climax in those five years at the appalling Hanoverian Court.

Has Mr. Tourtellot fitted some of his facts rather arbitrarily into his moral pattern? Few lives display quite so clearly cause and effect. Also, though he states Fanny's importance, he does not make it palpable; Miss Burney's dignity does not appear enough. Few people squander their gifts—alas, things are not so simple—they mis-invest what they have. And Fanny Burney's investments must have seemed sound enough. She saw illustrious days. *Were* those evenings, those long afternoons, those capacious dinners enthralling without a break? Did no one feel the fatigues of that society bristling with personal issues, in which topics were hammered flat, in which everything mattered, in which rooms must have been hot and many people splenetic? Conversation was at its zenith. All the same, the charm of the conversation picture resides, for some, in its silence, its glassy air of being set back out of earshot, in time. As to what *was* said, we remain documented quite relentlessly well. There are periods which, even while they were still the present, were being architected to make an imposing past, and Fanny Burney enjoyed the hey-day of one of these. And she never fell; she was never discredited; she transferred herself from allegiance to allegiance with unspotted loyalty. Only, the past became always a little brighter behind her, the future a little darker ahead. The obscurity of her last years had tragic sources—bereavement, exile, poverty. But obscurity could be kind; it at least hid her completely, no one could point and say: "*She* was Fanny Burney; you might not think so, but she once had a marvellous time." ELIZABETH BOWEN

THE GREAT CATHERINE'S HUSBAND

Potemkin. By GEORGE SOLOVEYTCHIK. *Thornton Butterworth.* 18*s.*

This is a pleasant change from the innumerable *biographies romancées* of the sub-Maurois variety. Mr. Soloveytchik has done a job of solid historical research, and the story he has written is all the more exciting as every line of it rings true and historically accurate. One cannot help closing the book with the thought that truth is stranger than fiction—stranger even than the fiction of the pseudo-historians. From the dry dust of the archives (including some recently discovered by Soviet scholars) Mr. Soloveytchik has brought to life a character of extraordinary complexity and fascination—Potemkin, the giant, the Cyclops, who together with Catherine, ruled Russia for seventeen years. He combined the coarseness and superstitions of the primitive Russian with the culture of the encyclopaedic eighteenth century; he was one of Russia's great empire builders, a statesman and diplomat of great shrewdness, and at the same time a man of fabulous extravagance and eccentricity, who combined religious fervour and humanitarian sentiments with all the virtues of the village bull. For instance, he thought nothing of sleeping with his five beautiful nieces in succession. And after marrying them off to various noblemen, he remained good friends with them for the rest of his life; and Sashenka, the second of them, was with him when he died in a field, off the main road, during his last journey from Jassy to Kherson. Potemkin was what the Russians call "a broad nature"; wild and extravagant, but not mean; Mr. Soloveytchik speaks of his magnanimity; and if Potemkin despised many people—not least the lovers he himself used to select for Catherine—he did not bear them malice, and never used his power for petty revenge on his numerous enemies. Nor was he a snob.

> When his old school-friend, the self-seeking Von Visin, remarked to him that there was no need for a man of his exalted position to receive common people, Potemkin instantly ordered that henceforward this very Von Visin, and he alone, should no longer be admitted to his presence.

His record as an empire builder is impressive. He conquered the Crimea, he built Kherson, Nicolaev, the naval base of Sebastopol, and Ekaterinoslav—which he planned to turn into a sort of intellectual centre for all eastern Europe, with a university and a musical academy; a plan which nearly succeeded. His record as a soldier is almost equally important; and Mr. Soloveytchik emphasises both his common sense and his humanitarianism as a general. If he delayed the storming of Ochakov, it was because "he loved his soldiers like children," and hoped to reduce the loss of life to a minimum. It was also he who, far ahead of his time, reorganised the army, and provided it with reasonable uniforms. "To put the hair into curls, to powder and plait it, is that a soldier's business?" he said. "They have no personal valets." Mr. Soloveytchik, while admitting that Potemkin was capable of spending a quarter of a million roubles on a fête in honour of Catherine, and that he thought nothing of dispatching his A.D.C. to Astrakhan for a supply of fresh caviar, denies the charges of extravagant spending, as far as the empire building was concerned. Only when he comes to the charges made by the Emperor Joseph II and others that 20,000 lives were lost in the building of Kherson, and that "50,000 were killed by toil and the emanations of these morasses, without their being lamented, without anyone remembering it," Mr. Soloveytchik seems to dismiss them a little too lightly. Were these charges complete inventions? And, for all the humanitarianism of Potemkin and Catherine, the lot of the Russian serf was as miserable after their reign as before—if not more so. No doubt, it was "broadminded" of Potemkin to prohibit the extradition of peasant serfs who had fled to the new Southern provinces and settled there; but it was "empire building," not humanitarianism that prompted this course, which, among other things, made Potemkin so unpopular with the nobility.

As a conqueror and empire builder he was full of ideas: he once conceived the idea of colonising the Crimea with English convicts (the idea fell through because it scandalised the Russian Ambassador in London); he was also a forerunner of Zionism when he planned the transfer of the Jews to Palestine, to which, he thought, they were fully entitled. But since they would have to fight the infidels it was necessary to train them in the arts of war; and Mr. Soloveytchik draws an amusing picture of Potemkin's Jewish cavalry regiment.

Potemkin was certainly a tremendous person. He was, among a number of other things, a patron of the arts; his taste in stagecraft and pageantry was infallible; Derzhavin wrote odes in his honour; and in the last year of "Serenissimus's" life, he negotiated with Mozart in the hope of making him his kapellmeister. Mr. Soloveytchik might perhaps have told us a little more of this side of Potemkin.

And he was also a shrewd diplomat. A substantial portion of the book is devoted to Potemkin's relations with England, and, in particular with Sir James Harris (later Lord Malmesbury) the British Ambassador, who in his dispatches constantly referred to Potemkin as "my friend." The strangest subjects were discussed between them. At the time of the American war of Independence Britain wanted Russia to send to America an expeditionary force of 20,000 men; later, sorely in need of a Russian alliance, she was prepared to surrender Minorca to Russia—an island greatly coveted by Potemkin. If the scheme came to nothing, it was because Catherine would, in no circumstances, be "dragged into war." Mr. Soloveytchik speculates entertainingly on the effect of a Soviet Russian Minorca on the present war in Spain. (One is almost inclined to suggest this as a problem for the next *N.S. & N.* competition.) And yet, although Potemkin was Harris's "friend," and was a Prince of the Holy Roman Empire, George III would

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not hear of making him a Knight of the Garter. The Russian Ambassador in London wrote:

> The King has not only refused, but was greatly shocked, and ordered that Harris be severely reprimanded [for his suggestion].

For, in the eyes of George III, Potemkin was, above all, the dissolute paramour of Catherine ("that woman," as Maria Theresa would contemptuously call her). And yet, nothing is stranger than the relationship between these two. Potemkin made his entry at Court in 1772, just as the Empress's long liaison with Gregory Orlov had come to an end, and the insignificant Vassilchikov was installed as favourite. Catherine was fascinated by Potemkin's dash and wit, and impertinence—and also by his impressive physique. At their first meeting he took the risk of mimicking Catherine's German accent—and Catherine laughed. Their liaison was a stormy one. Catherine, well in her forties, adored and worshipped him like a little typist in love with a film star; but to say that is not to say enough. The daily correspondence between them which is quoted at great length, is a remarkable human document, and reveals a singularly subtle and complex relationship. For both were complex characters. The no doubt piggish nightly excursions to the *banya*, the steam bath, did not exclude German sentimentality on her side, and reverence for the Empress on his; and, quite apart from their physical relationship, she had boundless confidence in his statesmanship, and thought him the greatest man of her time. It was for that reason perhaps, more than for any other (for soon afterwards their liaison came to an end) that she was legally married to Potemkin. Mr. Soloveytchik's evidence on this secret marriage, though circumstantial, seems perfectly conclusive. And during the years that followed, the secret consort continued to enjoy the fullest confidence of Catherine, and it was he who selected her lovers for her—about fifteen in number. Both he and Catherine looked upon them as male whores; and Potemkin, himself surrounded by a harem, continued to dominate Catherine by his personal authority. It was a sad day for Potemkin when, not long before his own death, he found that Catherine had for the first time chosen a lover without his approval. This was young Platon Zubov; Catherine was then over sixty, and becoming gaga. But she was still devoted to Potemkin; she constantly apologised for Zubov; and during her last meeting with Potemkin they both cried. Crude as this story may sound, Mr. Soloveytchik presents it with great subtlety and much dramatic feeling. And as for the crudity of the manners, he tries to argue that the eighteenth century was crude not in Russia only, but everywhere in Europe. And he quotes the case of the Prince de Ligne and his son, who, according to the French Ambassador in St. Petersburg, did the following "swinish thing at Count Panin's table":

> He wanted to prevent his father from eating something, and being unable to take the plate away from him, he proceeded to spit into it. His father thought the joke excellent.

Perhaps Mr. Soloveytchik generalises a little too much from this; after all, the French Ambassador *did* think it swinish.

But that is only a detail. The book, which set out, in the first place, to destroy the legend of the "Potemkin villages" has done much more—it has helped to rescue from oblivion and distortion a number of great eighteenth century characters, and has placed them in their correct historical perspective. Now and then, the author becomes, perhaps, just a trifle too sentimental about his hero. However, one's only real quarrel with Mr. Soloveytchik is over his spelling of Russian names; he never uses the standard English transliteration, but usually the French (as in Zoubov), or sometimes a hybrid Franco-German transliteration (as in Chrapovitsky, Wassiltchikov or Tchishovo). And why should Polish names like Potocki and Branicki be transliterated at all to Pototsky, etc.?

A. B.

THE COLD SOUTH

South Latitude. By DICK OMMANNEY. *Longmans.* 9*s.* 6*d.*

This is an account by a biologist of some years spent investigating for the Government the waters of the Antarctic. The primitive whaling described by Herman Melville has developed into a vast industry which gives soap and margarine to millions, an industry so successful, so thorough, that it is in danger of destroying itself. To preserve the whales there are already regulations of the hunting, but more knowledge of their habits is required; and scientists, like Mr. Ommanney, are sent round the Antarctic continent on the Royal research ship *Discovery II*, testing the waters, or are stationed at Durban in the winter or at South Georgia near the Falkland Islands, in summer, to examine the whalers' catch.

Mr. Ommanney writes remarkably well. Only occasionally do we catch a sidelight on his character. The long months spent in discomfort, which sometimes deepened into danger, was bound to make conspicuous and even intolerable the characteristics of the small and uncongenial company with whom he was interned ("it is a wonder that no one has ever been shot for the way he cleans his teeth"); but his portraits are neither elaborate nor malicious. His subject is the Antarctic itself, its climate, its fauna, and its appearance. *South Latitude* is less fascinating than Freuchen's *Arctic Adventure*, because the Antarctic continent has no human indigenes, but it is a book that leaves very strong impressions upon the reader. "Hvalblast," the Norwegian look-out cries from the barrel at the mast-head, and there are little plumes on the horizon. The ship changes its course.

> Suddenly there was a whistling, rushing explosion which made me jump. Not a hundred yards away a great burst of spray shot into the air. Then another and another. They were drifting away on the wind threaded by arching rainbows. After each a great flat grinning head with open blow-holes was for a moment visible, followed by a broad curving back, turning and turning. There was a whistling intake of breath and each vanished, leaving upon the water an oily smooth place to mark where it had been. This was the "slik." One of them had fouled the water with a yellowish-brown stain.

Shot with a harpoon tipped with explosive, then inflated with an air-pump and towed back to the whaling station, the whales furnish gargantuan shambles. A beast as large as three coaches of a tube-train may contain a fœtus as long as twenty-feet, the testes are the size of bolsters, yet it feeds on creatures no larger than shrimps. At South Georgia the work is done by Norwegians, but in the winter Durban becomes the whaling centre of the South, and there the carcases are dismembered by Zulus, who leap at the dead leviathan brandishing their knives as in a war-dance, and adorn themselves with the ribbon-like tapeworms from its intestines. Mr. Ommanney never romanticises his descriptions.

> Whenever I hear people cooing with delight at photographs of penguins I recall the powerful choking stench of their rookeries,

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the birds' own bodies smeared and their feathers clotted with their own ordure and that of their fellows, shot at random in grey, white and brown streaks.

The seals are equally filthy. Cleanliness evidently has no survival-value in the polar regions, and the fauna in consequence seem to lack charm. Then there are the "Stinker" petrels or "Nellies," vultures of the Antarctic, "flapping along, hideous and ungainly, trying vainly to rise from the water and unable to do so because they have gorged themselves so full of filth that they cannot get up. They have to disgorge the contents of their crop before they can heave themselves into the air."

Cold, damp, dangerous and very ill-suited to a mammal that, like man, is unprovided with a coating of blubber, the Antarctic can be beautiful.

> Among the pack-ice in the far south at midsummer the scene is often of dazzling and placid beauty, serene and colour beyond description. The sun strikes back from the whiteness with a brilliance that hurts the eyes. The great floes heave slightly in what swell there may be, and if you listen carefully you can hear a whispering, a faint clink, as they knock against each other. It is like an indistinctly heard and uncomprehensible speech.

During the winter "snow, falling continuously upon the water, does not melt because the temperature of the sea is below freezing, so that an even slushy film covers the face of the water." Sometimes all colour is drained from earth, sea and sky. On one expedition the *Discovery II* took two aeroplanes with her.

> In that all-pervading universal nothingness, Douglas said it was almost impossible for him to know which way up he was flying or, indeed, to have any idea of direction at all without looking at his instrument, for above and below and all around was the same sheet white, without form and void. Nothing fell beneath him when he rose or rushed upwards when he came down. . . . "My word!" said Douglas when he had returned, "It's like flying in a bowl of cream."

Islands of ice, the size of English counties, float northwards in the spring. In the summer, the silence is such that whales could be heard blowing five miles away, and the sea, even farther, sighing against the ice-cliff.

In Mr. Ommanney's narrative there are three peaks of excitement. Once the *Discovery II* escapes only with great difficulty, and damaged, from being trapped in the pack-ice. Then she races to the rescue of the American airman, Lincoln Ellsworth, who crashed on the Antarctic continent near the Ross Sea coast. Finally, six men, including Mr. Ommanney, found themselves marooned through the breakdown of a motor-boat engine, and day after day waited in a misery of cold and damp for rescuers who might never find them. They saw the ships pass that were searching for them, but could not make themselves visible—through a telescope a man upon the ice looks indistinguishably like a penguin. They built an igloo, and spent the nights shivering in each other's arms, locked in a necessary and desperately uncomfortable embrace. Their only fuel was blubber, which gave more soot than warmth. A square of canvas which they dyed with penguin blood was their one and ineffective flag. Mr. Ommaney gives an impressive description of this dismal adventure, in which there was no place for any quality more enjoyable or spectacular than mere endurance.

At the end of the book the author's character remains an enigma. Most of those who write about the Polar regions have evidently been attracted to them by some curious, probably masochistic, impulse. Mr. Ommanney seems to regard the circumstances of his job with a mild distaste which occasionally strengthens into loathing. Nor can one detect much sign of a scientific curiosity sufficiently passionate to be a compensation. He is a distant observer of his fellows. He notes their peculiarities: Australians crack jokes even when they are sea-sick; only the younger generation of sailors sun-bathe, and when those of the old school see them, they "assume a mask-like passivity of countenance and studiously avert their eyes"; sharks (partly by their ugliness) excite a puerile vindictiveness, so that sailors catch them merely to be cruel to them. (Is not our treatment of human criminals similarly devised principally to give ourselves gratification? But the sailors presumably do not delude themselves with the notion that disembowelling a shark will deter its fellows from using their teeth.) Mr. Ommanney watches himself with equal detachment. In his greatest danger or despair: "No," he says to himself, "I don't believe it. It doesn't happen to me." In this book he has the advantage of rare, novel and adventurous material; but I fancy he could be as interesting about Antrim or Andover as he is about the Antarctic. He seems, in fact, to be primarily not a scientist or an explorer, but a writer, a man to whom his environment and his own personality alike are primarily important as material. *South Latitude* is the most interesting new book that I have read this year, and although it is the March choice both of the Book Society and of the *Evening Standard*, I recommend it very vehemently.

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Mozart, the Man and His Works. By W. J. TURNER. *Gollancz.* 16*s.*

In the world of music each successive generation would seem to feel the need of one supreme object of adoration, one figure in whom all virtues are contained. For the last generation Bach was the chief god in the musical Pantheon, and Beethoven for the generation before that; to-day it is Mozart who fills that position. Among Mozart worshippers in this country Mr. W. J. Turner is the high priest, and the present book constitutes the testification of his faith.

Let it be said straight away that he has written an admirable book. Those who have occasionally felt in some of his former writings on music a certain dilettantism, a certain lack of solidity in his scholarship, will not find these defects in the present book. In addition to the critical acumen and poetic intuition which invariably characterise his work, however violently one may disagree with his judgments on occasion, one finds here on every page the evidence of painstaking research into every aspect of his subject.

Still, it is not on account of its assured scholarship that the book chiefly deserves to be read, but because Mr. Turner seems to come nearer than any other writer on the subject to the expression in words of the peculiar qualities which characterise the art of Mozart, as exemplified in the following passage.

> All those who have really appreciated Mozart will admit that at one time or another they have felt certain Mozart masterpieces as one would feel a still, bright, perfect, cloudless day. Such a day has no meaning, none of the suggestiveness, the "atmosphere," the character of a day of cloud or storm. . . . Such a day does not provoke or in the faintest degree suggest one mood rather than another. It is infinitely protean. It means just what you mean. It

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is intangible, immaterial—fitting your spirit like a glove. . . . Then suddenly there will pass through you a tremor of terror. A moment comes when that tranquillity, that perfection will take on a ghastly ambiguity. That music still suggests nothing, nothing at all; it is just infinitely ambiguous. Then you may remember the phrase of a German critic who wrote of the "demoniacal clang" of Mozart. Then you look at a genuine portrait of Mozart and . . . you see a straight jutting profile with a too-prominent nose and an extraordinary salience of the upper lip, and for an instant you feel as if you have had a revelation. But that revelation escapes you as suddenly as it came, and you are left face to face with a mask whose directness and clarity is completely baffling.

Linked with the "demoniacal clang" . . . there is a profoundly disturbing melancholy. . . . It is a still, unplumbed melancholy underlying even his brightest and most vivacious movements. It is this which gives his music that ambiguity to which I have drawn attention, an ambiguity which makes one sometimes find a peculiar, all-pervading transparent gloom in Mozart's music. . . . Mozart is very mysterious, far more mysterious than Beethoven. . . .

Much of this, I admit, may seem unintelligible to anyone unacquainted with Mozart or indifferent to him, but it does somehow manage to express in words a small part of the enigmatic, elusive nature of the feelings which Mozart evokes in those attuned to him. It is a very different conception from that of "the highly refined and sophisticated product of aristocratic eighteenth-century dilettantism, the last and over-delicate flower of salon culture" which is the conventional accepted idea of Mozart, and which Mr. Turner justly derides. On the other hand, he seems to me to go too far—or, perhaps, not far enough—when he says that "Mozart belongs as completely and characteristically to the European Romantic revival as William Blake." Surely it is the essential greatness of Mozart that he transcends "romanticism" as completely as he transcends "classicism"; to say that he is "completely and characteristically" either one or the other is to diminish him. The truth is, indeed, as Mr. Turner himself says elsewhere, that Mozart is, of all modern artists, the nearest to Shakespeare in his comprehensiveness, his myriad-mindedness; and this affinity is particularly exemplified, as Mr. Turner well shows, in the blending of tragedy and comedy in his greatest operas.

Nevertheless, there are other passages in his book which seem to indicate that Mr. Turner finds Mozart's universality somewhat disconcerting. Like Shakespeare, but to an even greater extent, Mozart had in him a streak of quite extraordinary grossness. Indeed, there are passages in his letters which in this respect are only paralleled by Rabelais himself. Mr. Turner, it is true, mentions this trait, but in what seems to be an unduly apologetic manner, explaining it as a consequence of "sheer animal vitality." Well, it is that, of course, but one cannot help thinking there is rather more to it than that.

Again, Mr. Turner ignores, entirely this time, the well-known fact that Mozart in his later years, without being a drunkard or anything like it, was addicted to the joys of alcohol. The only reference to the topic is a severe footnote saying that "like every great artist Wolfgang in his youth detested dissipation and squalor—the refuge of the minor artist in every age." "In his youth" is, of course, an obvious begging of the question—an attempt to evade what to Mr. Turner is evidently the distasteful fact that in this respect, as in so many others, Mozart was like most other men of talent or genius, to say nothing of ordinary men.

Mozart, in fact, was, to a greater extent than almost any artist who has ever lived, the complete man. As we ordinary mortals are all of us incomplete to some degree or other, it is only inevitable that there should be some aspects of Mozart which are distasteful to some of us, and others to others; and even such a devotee as Mr. Turner cannot quite manage to swallow the whole man. In one place he calls Mozart "that rarest of human beings, a saint who was not a bore," and he was that also. But he was more than that. Great saints do not make great artists. César Franck, if you like, was a real saint, and that is precisely what is wrong with his music. Mozart was the complete man, as Shakespeare almost certainly was, to say nothing of a woman and a child as well. Jean Cocteau has said that in every artist there is a woman, adding that the woman is always detestable. As a generalisation it is true enough, but in Mozart the woman was adorable, and so was the child. To both these additional aspects of Mozart's protean personality Mr. Turner does complete justice, making ample amends for the small deficiencies in his treatment of the man.

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Bertrand Russell recently remarked in THE NEW STATESMAN AND NATION that all the great philosophical systems that have moved Europe since the Middle Ages have been German. It is not inconceivable that, if he were writing twenty years later, he would have to except the system of Maritain. Maritain himself might demur to the word "system," for the philosophy of Thomas Aquinas, whose twentieth-century version he presents, is, he assures us, "a spiritual organism" which, as it grows, progressively "incorporates into itself" and "*realises in itself*" the subsequent philosophical novelties to which M. Maritain is prepared to concede a "modicum of truth." Nevertheless, modern Thomism *is* a system in the sense that it is a coherent body of philosophical doctrine purporting to derive conclusions from truths which are both revealed to faith and approved by reason, and covering the whole field of philosophical inquiry. The first half of the present book is in the approved philosophical manner. There is, first, a critical examination of sense perception and of the results of the experimental sciences. What kind of knowledge, it is asked, do they give us? Next, there is an examination of the nature and degree of knowledge which the workings of pure intelligence provide. The second half of the book is devoted to knowledge which is "above reason," the highest form of which is attained in the mystical experience. This knowledge, it is asserted, cannot be achieved by reason unaided; it is revealed to the eye of illumination. It is not even vouchsafed to man as man, but to man as a vehicle of "infused grace."

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of *contemplation of* reality, those, namely, of St. Augustine and St. John of the Cross. The last chapter—I quote from the Preface—" deals with that doctrine of *All and Nothing* set out by the Mystical Doctor, and with a supreme degree both of knowledge and of wisdom which is accessible to man in this life."

The scope of this difficult and impressive book is very wide, and it is impossible to do justice to it in a short review. I take two points which may be of interest to the layman as well as to the philosopher. M. Maritain wages war on all forms of Nominalism, " the ancient sin " which " works in the roots of all modern philosophies." Nominalism in its modern dress may be broadly described as the view that, when we are not knowing the external physical world revealed to us in sense experience we know only ourselves; for there is literally nothing else to know. Thus when the artist knows beauty, the philosopher truth, the mystic God, it follows, since beauty, truth and God are not sensory things, that they are knowing only the shadows projected by their own spirits upon the canvas of an ethically meaningless and aesthetically empty universe. Thus scientific method is the only method for reaching truth, and the organisation of sensory experience in scientific knowledge is the only form of knowledge. It follows that when the philosopher sits back in his chair and reflects upon the universe, the contemplative mystic at the summit of the mystical experience communes with God, the reports of their experiences tell us much about the philosopher and the mystic, nothing about the universe and God. Interesting as psychology, they are meaningless as philosophy or theology.

In opposition to this view, Maritain holds with Plato that there is a non-sensible reality, that metaphysics is a knowledge of this reality, and that metaphysical knowledge is the only knowledge which deserves the name. Our tendency to Nominalism is, he holds, due to the bent which the modern mind has acquired from its constant preoccupation with and manipulation of things. Science, in giving us power over matter, has given us also " a secret relish for the matter which it seeks to trap," " a deceptive understanding of nature where thought is not resolved in being, but in the sensible itself." This is not all loss, for in freeing metaphysics " from the necessity of explaining the stuff of sensible nature " the success of science enables the metaphysician to concentrate upon his proper task of investigating by reason the reality behind nature. For science and sense experience do not give us knowledge of reality, although they may afford hints as to its nature. If I may venture to suggest a simile to describe the procedure of the scientist, as M. Maritain conceives it, the human mind, placed in the midst of the multitudinous phenomena which clamour for the attention of the senses, has from the beginning of time been inclined to suspect that there is a meaning behind the phenomena, a meaning of whose message they are perhaps the vehicle; but, being incapable of divining the meaning, unable to read the message, being in fact like a man who receives a letter in an unknown language, the scientist is as one who concentrates his attention upon analysing the paper and ink in which the message is written.

It is something of an historical curiosity that it is Aristotle and not Plato that Thomists should invoke as their philosophical source. For Aristotle takes, on the whole, the modern scientific view that there are no forms or principles in the universe save such as are manifested in individual things. Hence, metaphysics was not for him the study of a reality behind sensible things; it must be content with the study of sensible things. Plato, however, maintained, as Maritain maintains, that true philosophy " opens out on to the immaterial, on a world of realities which exists and can only exist in separation from matter." But then Plato was disqualified, in the Middle Ages, from being *par excellence* the pagan philosopher of Christianity, because he was held to have denied the resurrection of the body. (The publication of the recent report of the Church's Commission on Christian Doctrine would presumably have removed this impediment to the acceptance of Plato, at any rate in England.)

This brings me to the other matter upon which comment may be offered, the curious amalgam of faith and reason by which Thomist philosophy is pursued. In an eloquent introduction entitled The Grandeur and Misery of Metaphysics, M. Maritain exhibits the plight of the metaphysician. Metaphysics is the noblest of the intellectual vocations of man, both because it is the sole free activity of the mind and is, therefore, a good in itself, and also because since it aspires to a knowledge of reality, and since reality is God, it is a kind of knowledge of God. But the reason can only enable us to know God by analogy. It demonstrates that there is God and deduces his attributes, but it does not know the God it demonstrates.

> This, then, is the misery of metaphysics (and also its greatness). It arouses the desire for the supreme union, spiritual possession, consummated in the very order of reality, and not only in idea. And it cannot satisfy it.

Knowledge of God can, however, be achieved through the mediation of Christ in the mystical experience.

Thus between faith and reason there is a process of mutual sustainment. Reason, like a detective in his study deduces the criminal from the nature of the crime, deduces in fact that there is God; faith reveals what reason deduces. But faith not only completes reason, it also supplies it with its premise, namely, that there is a world behind the sensible world for reason to explore.

I have no space in which to indicate the scope and grandeur of this book. I do not agree with its premises or with many of its conclusions, and it moves within a universe of discourse different from mine. Yet it is impossible to read it without realising that one is making contact with the mind of a great man expressing with noble dignity and eloquence the conclusions of an intelligence of uncommon power. If M. Maritain is right, then most of us are very wrong. It is a sobering reflection. C. E. M. JOAD

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him to supplement and justify his able synthesis of all the established facts with a considerable quantity of new detail. Not only has he succeeded in throwing light on Marlowe's genealogy, but, what is more vital, by burrowing in the archives of Corpus Christi College, Cambridge, he has unearthed sundry particulars which enable him to trace the nascent poet's devious course at his alma mater, and he is even able to indicate certain books which he read there—some of them still reposing on the collegiate shelves—which had a marked influence on the trend of his dramatic work.

The whole is a rich story, despite its tantalisations, and Mr. Bakeless does it a large measure of justice. Doubtless with the aim of attracting the popular reader, he writes in a lucid, simple, free-and-easy way, to which no serious objection can be advanced beyond the fact that it sometimes leads to careless phraseology. Thus, at one juncture when he is intent upon mirroring the chief characteristics of the Elizabethan scene, he indulges in terms calculated to prove offensive to sticklers for scientific exactitude. Why, in dealing with theatrical matters, speak glibly of "the pit," when the groundlings knew not the term and had nothing better than a paved yard to stand in? And why antedate things by assigning stage wings and the box office to a period when they did not exist? It may be indeed, as often happens with academic writers, that Mr. Bakeless is vastly more interested in the literary than the theatrical side of his subject, for it is in dealing with theatrical matters alone that he falls into grievous error. It is an ugly blunder to take Henslowe's tabulated records of his share of the daily receipts at the Rose as returns of the gross takings, particularly as it leads to a false estimate of the holding capacity of the theatre. Mr. Bakeless actually thinks that fifty shillings represented a really good audience, though, as a matter of fact, the Rose, at normal prices (on first days they were doubled) held fully £8.

In the discussion of Marlowe's plays much difficulty arises owing to the fact that the dates of production are almost wholly indeterminable. But Mr. Bakeless would have read one riddle had he perceived that *Dido* bears evidence of having been constructed for performance with multiple scenery, what the French call *décor simultané*, an unavoidable conclusion which, taken with the fact that it was acted by the Children of the Chapel, indicates that the play was written solely for court performance. One, moreover, is seriously puzzled to understand why he should have based some of his contentions on two hoary fallacies and given the guileless reader the impression by his silence on the point that they are still received opinion. It is futile to advance as axiomatic such bygone misconceptions as that (1) the second and third parts of *Henry VI* are mere rewritings of *The Contention* and *The True Tragedy*, and that (2) Shakespeare borrowed from the anonymous *Taming of a Shrew*. And it is mischievous to make deductions from the latter contention. Much water has run under London Bridge since Professor Peter Alexander exploded both these fallacies by showing that in each instance the contrary was the case.

But, not to end on a note of fault-finding in discussing a book of many merits, I hasten to add that Mr. Bakeless springs an agreeable surprise upon devotees of the master of the mighty libe by writing a quite unconventional final chapter on "Marlowe and his Books," which will prove a delight to all bibliographers. We are accustomed to hear of the tall prices given for fine copies of the First Folio, but what about the £15,000 which an American collector once gave for a rare exemplar of *Hero and Leander?*

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If your only child is knocked down crossing a street, and killed by a hit-and-run motorist, who cannot subsequently be traced by the police, what resolution can you make? *The Beast Must Die* suggests Nicholas Blake; or at least you can harbour murderous thoughts against the fellow. New motives for murders are not easily come by in these days, but Nicholas Blake has made a genuine discovery in resuscitating for a detective story the instincts of the blood-feud. There was a case not long ago in real life of a young man who murdered his wife in France, was convicted, and sentenced to a term of imprisonment. On his release from prison he was met at the gaol gate by a relative of his wife, who shot him dead and then surrendered to the police, to be convicted in turn of murder—with extenuating circumstances. The hero of Nicholas Blake's novel is a detective writer, like his creator, writing under a pen name, so the author feels as comfortably at home with him as Miss Dorothy Sayers does with Lady Peter Wimsey. Frank Cairnes, *alias* "Felix Lane," resolves on a Corsican vendetta against the unknown assassin who ran down his little son. The book is divided into three parts with an epilogue. The first part is Cairnes' diary, describing how, by the exercise of his detective faculties, he locates the driver of the car and gets into contact with him. We reach Part II all agog to see how the beast dies; and there's a hitch, for the beast does not seem ready for death. Part III is Nigel Strangeways' unravelling of the strange way in which the beast eventually comes to grief. The epilogue is a two-page sop to the Cerberus of public morality. Nicholas Blake has been endowed with a classical education and allows his readers to share the proceeds. His prose is cultivated, amusing and subtle, and, especially in Cairnes' diary, not quite as condescending as it was in his former novels. Nobody needs to be informed that detective stories are not the stuff of English Literature; yet the construction of a workmanlike plot is an art, and an art not to be despised. The plot of *The Beast Must Die* is more technically perfect than anything its author has previously achieved, showing that even a classical scholar has something to learn from experience. Nicholas Blake, if he submits his Beast as a thesis, will be entitled to the next vacant Fellowship of the Big Five.

Ludovic Travers is one of those conscientious, painstaking detectives, whose character is, mercifully, barely perceptible. In *The Case of the Tudor Queen* he performs a miracle of alibi-busting. That is the whole point of the book, but it is a very fine point that will pierce the defences of most readers. An actress

is found poisoned in her suburban residence, in a dramatic posture. So water-tight are the alibis of the four or five potential poisoners that Superintendent Wharton writes the case off as suicide. But Travers, that "six foot three of lean, lamp-post length" breaks one of them by an inspiration. Which one you can try to spot. But you will find it devilish hard, although Mr. Bush plays a scrupulously clean game against his readers.

Pinkerton fans will relish *The Guilt is Plain*, in which the indomitable little Welshman has the luck to find an old lady in the Royal Pavilion at Brighton with her throat slit. Mr. Pinkerton is tending to take an increasing share of the limelight in Mr. David Frome's works, to the disadvantage of that domestic paragon, Inspector Bull, whose chief task nowadays is saving the little wretch's life at rapidly decreasing intervals. Knowing Pinkerton's propensities, the guilt *is* plain enough to any one.

Poisoning and that inhibited stratum of the middle-classes which is to be found in boarding-houses are Mr. Cobb's specialities. The two go very well together, although they produce a rather devitalising compost—especially for old ladies with a bit of money to bequeath. In *Like a Guilty Thing*, Mr. Cobb excels himself in a harrowing portrait of a lady's companion of advancing years who is tempted to give an overdose of morphia to her employer as she lies gasping in the grip of a heart-attack. The detection by Cheviot Burmann of the more unscrupulous person, who does administer the overdose, is of minor importance by contrast with the pathetic indecisions of Miss Emma Claypole.

Cape Cod is with us again in *Octagon House*. I was surprised to hear that lumps of ambergris worth £10,000 are occasionally washed up on the Cape Cod beaches; that might account for the continual murdering on the peninsula. The lump in *Octagon House* accounts for a couple of Cape Cod corpses. Asey Mayo, disguised in a pair of gold-rimmed spectacles, goes about overhearing the inhabitants revealing their personalities and the important evidence. On Cape Cod only ugly customers snoop, Asey just overhears. If any one is interested enough to want to know how Miss Taylor visualises her hero, they must get a copy of *Octagon House* with the dust cover, on which is a photograph of a pseudo-Asey whom Miss Taylor met in a department store —just the place for overhearing.

Dead and Not Buried and *Dictator's Way* are hardly genuine detective work. The first is by a historical novelist, who employs her feminine intuition into human frailty and an accomplished, readable style, to write about a crime. Farmer Marshall is murdered in his farm-house by his wife's lover, and his lean, stringy body is singularly disposed of. Miss Prescott hardly bothers to disguise the criminal, for that leaves her a freer hand with her character sketches, which are far superior, as they generally are in crime stories, to those in average detection.

Life is a strain for bachelor detectives. Now it is Bobby Owen's turn for matrimony. Mr. Punshon has rigged up a revolutionary conspiracy among exiles from a Fascist Etruria to provide him with a wife. I hope it will teach him to steer clear of everything Etrurian in future.

As most detective stories are read either in bed, or in uncomfortable positions on floors and lawns, the size of their print is of some importance. Out of the above list only the books published by Messrs. Longmans would I, personally, care to read by an indifferent light, with one eye half-open and the other buried in a pillow.

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For a foreigner, a spectator on the fringe, much was obscure and puzzling, however many journalist friends he might have or chance acquaintances who were suddenly involved, politically or racially. The tension exploded one night in the great fire, one read the immediate proclamations of the Government and heard the cynical comments of Berlin's inhabitants, one was warned that

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one's post might be opened by hands one didn't see and that one's telephone had become the direct channel to official dossiers, one saw the brown shirts thickening in every quarter of the city, and one found that people one knew had disappeared without leaving a trace overnight. Rumours there were in plenty of horror behind the scenes; but as long as one stayed in Germany, the daily life that went on around one's lodgings much as before, the controlled silence of the papers, the elections bringing the expected results, the Spring sun appearing at last, all conspired to make one feel that such things were unreal, unlikely.

Jan Petersen's book provides the other side of the story. It is not a novel, though a few names have been disguised and a few events necessarily transposed, but a diary of what happened in a definite district of Berlin from the beginning of 1933 to the eve of the great "clean-up" in June, 1934, as seen by a man pledged, by his political allegiances and convictions, to fight the Nazis in the bitterest enmity, at first more or less openly, then in increasingly dangerous conditions of illegality: a unique and terrible document. "Jan" and his friends live in the proletarian Wallstrasse, where just before Hitler's rise to power a violent clash, provoked by the Nazis, occurs between marching Storm-troops and the working population of the district, which results in the shooting of a policeman and the Storm-troop leader, Maikowski. The street is thereafter the object of the never satisfied hatred of the notorious "Storm 33," responsible for most of the more ruthless and brutal murders of anti-Fascists.

The book gives a very effective picture of the nightmare of the underground fight, the constant fear of being watched, of spies in one's own ranks, the collapse of communications for weeks and months, the staggering risks to be run for quite trivial details of organisation, and the heroism of the people who run these risks daily. There is, in particular, an unforgettably horrible glimpse of Erich Mühsam being slowly "liquidated" in a concentration camp, which seems to be entirely authentic. It also gives a frightening impression of the helplessness and confusion of the Nazis' opponents when the avalanche caught them, whether intentionally or unintentionally it is difficult to say. A scene where, directly after the elections, Communist propagandists hastily attempt—and fail—to rouse working men, in a train on their way to the factory, to a political strike, is more than a little illuminating; it seems useless to have expected events to have taken any other course when one has grasped what the episode implies.

It is perhaps too much to ask that a book of this sort, produced under such conditions, should give a richer and more plastic picture of the characters and their historical setting. Nevertheless, the effect would have been more powerful if the scenes were not so brief, the chief actors sketched in such rough psychological outline; at times it is like a film, where not only the sequence is extremely confusing, but also the people have blanks instead of faces by which emotional reality could be transmitted. The translation, attempting to be rather too unbrokenly "snappy," may be in part to blame, and the rendering of Berlin slang by a rough and ready Cockney substitute fails to be convincing. In spite of all this, the value of *Our Street* as a document is tremendous, and as a reminder—a continuously needed reminder—that under the swastika-loaded surface of Germany such people as Jan Petersen describes are still fighting, against unbelievable odds, the power of the lie that may destroy Europe.

The manuscript, baked into two large cakes, was carried in a rucksack across the frontier by the author, pretending to be an innocent skier.

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John Galsworthy was an Old Harrovian with one skin too few, and towards the end of his life the missing skin renewed itself. It is a process almost drearily normal, but interesting in Galsworthy's case because of the fact that the bitterness of his earlier vision of life gave his books an undeniable power.

Glimpses and Reflections is a collection of short essays and letters to the press, largely on such subjects as the caging of songbirds and the traffic in worn-out horses. No one would guess that the man who wrote them once wrote books which were considered dangerously subversive and which were, in fact, morbidly pessimistic. Much of Galsworthy's later writing is tripe, but some of the early plays and novels (*The Man of Property, The Country House, Justice, Fraternity,* and some others) do at least leave behind them a kind of flavour, an atmosphere—a rather unwholesome atmosphere of frustration and exaggerated pity, mixed up with country scenery and dinners in Mayfair. The picture he was trying to build up was a picture of a money-ruled world of unspeakable cruelty—a world in which an obtuse, beef-eating race of squires, lawyers, bishops, judges and stockbrokers squatted *in saecula saeculorum* on the backs of a hypersensitive race of slum-dwellers, servants, foreigners, fallen women and artists. It was not an altogether untrue picture of the Edwardian days when English capitalism still seemed unassailable. But quite suddenly something happened; Galsworthy's private quarrel with society (whatever it may have been) came to an end, or perhaps it was merely that the oppressed classes began to seem less oppressed. From then on it was obvious that he was in no essential way different from the people he had made his name by attacking.

In the letters and essays in this book he emerges as the perfect Dumb Friends' Leaguer, seeing virtually nothing wrong in contemporary society except over-population and cruelty to animals. His solution for all economic troubles is emigration—abolish unemployment by getting the unemployed out of sight: he goes into frenzies over the sufferings of pit ponies, but is conspicuously less sorry for coal-miners: he quotes Adam Lindsay Gordon's "Life is mostly froth and bubble," and states that it is his "philosophic and religious motto." And it is interesting to note that he seems anxious to explain away the apparent revolutionary implications of some of his plays.

Probably many people, opening this book at random and coming upon the quotation from Adam Lindsay Gordon or an essay entitled "Playing the Game with Birds and Animals," would turn away in disgust, thanking God that they are post-war and post-Eliot. But there is more to it than that. Galsworthy was a bad writer, and some inner trouble, sharpening his sensitiveness, nearly made him into a good one; his discontent healed itself, and he reverted to type. It is worth pausing to wonder in just what form the thing is happening to oneself.

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SELECTED LIST OF SPRING BOOKS

Two facts might have been expected to influence the publishers' catalogues this spring: the success of the Sixpennies (now beginning to include new books), and the increased price of paper. The one would seem to make it necessary, the other difficult, to produce cheaper books; the two acting together might reasonably result in *fewer* books.

So one might have guessed. But in fact no such tendency is discernible. As many books as ever are announced for publication: novels innumerable (with perhaps a larger sprinkling of the fat eight-and-sixpenny), biographies whose high price is excused by a few illustrations, popular memoirs and travels still inconceivably soaring in the region of eighteen shillings. No hint of a material slump. The only way in which this season appears to differ from any other is in the books themselves: in prospect, at any rate, they look rather unexciting.

A small number of books can be picked out as being of obvious interest or importance: Sir Norman Angell's *To Keep Peace with the Dictators*, John Strachey's *What Are We To Do?*, further volumes of letters by Hopkins and Van Gogh, Mr. Desmond MacCarthy's collected essays on the Drama, a new play by Mr. Eliot, the fourth volume of Mr. Churchill's *Marlborough*, Mr. John Layard's *The Stone Men of Malekula*, Virginia Woolf's *Three Guineas*, Mr. Christopher Isherwood's *Lions and Shadows*. The last is semi-fictional autobiography, and, as readers of *The Novaks* and *Mr. Norris Changes Trains* will expect, the first person is used brilliantly. Written with ironical amusement, it is the most personal of Mr. Isherwood's books, and if we had to tip a literary winner for the spring we should pick this one.

The few good books do not make the season. A good season, from the reader's point of view, might be defined as one in which the humdrum books are on interesting subjects. That does not seem at first sight to be the case this year. Of course, a list such as the following is to some degree "speculative," however carefully it is put together. It contains some five hundred titles selected from a mass at least ten times that number. In making this selection it is impossible to claim more than: "These, more or less, are the good and near-good books of the spring." We try, while keeping out definitely unpromising books, to spot the occasional good one, even in unlikely places. No doubt we have missed some interesting books, and it is certain that others will turn out better than their blurbs.

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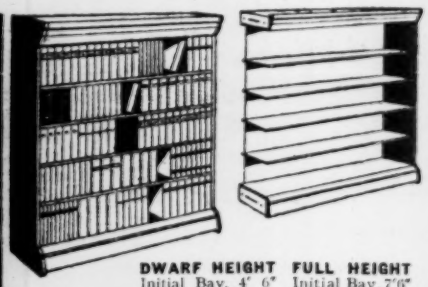

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MARCH, 1938

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Mary Grace Ashton

The Eye of a Needle *7/6 net*

Manchester Evening News: "An excellent analysis of one of to-day's commonest social and family problems, a story in which four children of a county family go the ways of the 1930s and leave their Edwardian parents bewildered."

Liverpool Daily Post: "The problem is interesting and intelligently stated, and the characters are human and likeable."

HERBERT JENKINS

NEW NOVELS

The Refugees. By LIBBY BENEDICT. *Hogarth Press.* 7s. 6d.
Journey to the Border. By EDWARD UPWARD. *Hogarth Press.* 7s. 6d.
The Flivver King. By UPTON SINCLAIR. *Werner Laurie.* 7s. 6d.
Those Were the Days. By OSBERT SITWELL. *Macmillan.* 8s. 6d.

The usual fault of Left-wing novels about politics is the assumption that the wishes of the author are synonymous with the future and that the future is knowable. Dialectically, for all we know, it may be, but a novelist has no business with the absolute. Leave the future and this or that kind of desire for it to the poets and philosophers. The present itself is too difficult for most novelists and I think that those who have strong or uneasy political promptings in their brains or their hearts would be better advised to find their theme, as Miss Libby Benedict has done, in the past. She has not had to go far. But in writing a novel about a group of German Communists, Social Democrats and others who have had to get out of Germany and try to strike roots elsewhere, she is dealing with people who have had *Finis* written to one important chapter of their lives. The meaning of their experience becomes immediately available, for one cycle has been completed. There they sit in the Berlin flat confidentially working and quarrelling about their " inevitable revolution " when suddenly the Reichstag goes up in flames. Leinemann, the leader, and his mistress are brought down to earth by their decisive chauffeur, who gets them out of the country. Life as usual has left political logic in the air. In Paris and London the exiles reassemble. One follows their individual stories. And here the value of Miss Benedict's book appears. She is interested in the vicissitudes of views, ideas and character and not in that kind of picaresque comi-tragedy which novelists, the world over, inflicted upon the Russians in the 'twenties. A Russian café keeper in Southampton Row tells Laura, Leinemann's mistress, that she is doomed to the same rootless life of hardship, futility and hopeless nostalgia which the Russians found. Is this true or not, Laura wonders, as she finds her revolutionary zeal weakening amid the urbane reasonableness of London life. The book shows the many sides to that question. For some time the Leinemanns and others live in a world of hermetically sealed political theory which protects them from reality in London as it had assured them of failure in Germany. (They could, Miss Benedict says, differentiate between every shade of red, but could not see the brown tide swarming in to annihilate them.) Then slowly they observe disconcerting things happening to them, both politically and psychologically. A Jewish sociologist suicides when she sees the finality of the break. A psycho-analyst to whom the crash has meant first of all starvation, then the conclusion that his profession was a parasite on " diseased individualism," runs propaganda into Germany—this is very exciting—but ultimately and very sanely concludes that he must return to his science with the added knowledge of the importance of neglected social factors. Gustav, his brother, who by a fluke remains untouched in Germany, has also the capacity to observe his experience and learn from it.

> That is why we failed, Amy, we who thought we were revolutionaries with the good of the people at heart. We didn't really learn the smallness of their desires. The honest recognition of small desires can create a revolution; they can be mustered like an army of ants to turn the existing world upside down. Or at least to undermine it until it crumbles of its own accord. But the attempts to inflate those desires and swell them to some theatrical grandeur can only burst them and waste the revolutionary power they might have had. While our leaders tried to raise the desires of their followers to some theoretical perfection after their own dialectic, the people tired of their agonies, turned and fled to someone who knew how to be petty in the proper places.

Excepting the occasional English characters who belong to the world of types, all the people in *The Refugees* are real and their intellectual and emotional phases are most acutely observed. Miss Benedict has found in each one the positive quality which is decisive in every dilemma. And how much these people gain in stature by being described in terms of their failure! Blind, right, wrong, whatever they are they are never futile. Their situations remain in the mind long after the book is put down. Sober, dignified, simple, *The Refugees* is the most moving and interesting book about politics I have read for a long time and, without question, an important contribution to the understanding of the German scene.

By its title, *Journey to the Border*, Mr. Upward's book suggests yet another conducted tour over the well-worn macadam of New Country; but a salutary and excellent change has taken place. He is an idealist, but he has stopped to think. What is all this O.T.C. talk about the frontier and the border? Where is the border? It is, his hero discovers, in his own mind; it may be the symbol of a certain political idealism, but is it not also that point in the Left-wing mind where hysteria about the future breaks out, where a day-dream conflict between Fascist types and Left-wing types lures the timid intellectual into imagining himself a terrified hero or a choking posturing martyr, living with unreal courage in an unreal situation? So we watch Mr. Upward's angry little tutor in a large country house, snubbed, bold in theory, paralysed when it comes to action, seeing secret societies everywhere, and escaping into such a fantasy at a race meeting. He is a Left-wing prig, yet a very likeable fellow. He hates the race-course herd, but when a tipster tells him his idealism is just funk, he is honest enough to see the point. The crowd, he observes, are at least superior to him in that they do not " smell out vileness everywhere " as he does. They are not negative. So, after nearly going " over the border " into hysteria about the future, he comes back to earth, stands up, albeit mildly, to the fantastic " Red "-baiting country gentleman, Mr. Parker, who is his employer and despite a somewhat Drage-like questionnaire about politics, arrives at a sensible conclusion. Mr. Parker is a gorgeous caricature, and his dirty-minded jollity when he supposes the tutor is going to have a night on the tiles is delicious. Here and in the whole picture of Mr. Parker's screaming, schoolboy household, one sees the novelist; and elsewhere the book is a brilliant, acute and most refreshing study of a widespread contemporary state of mind. Mr. Upward has, moreover, the art of saying important and serious things with lightness, economy and wit.

One's interest in Upton Sinclair's book on Henry Ford must depend on how much one reads the papers. He has added a nice, rather wistful group of small town characters to pad out the Ford story, and my interest in it was only reawakened by such matters as the pathetic tale of Ford's folk-dance revivals, and the rise of his bodyguard from a private force to protect his grand-

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children from kidnappers to a private army for use against his workers. The final picture is of a stubborn not unsympathetic old man to whom a billion dollars has brought an old age of fear and isolation from reality and decency.

With Mr. Sitwell, the *recherche du temps perdu* has loosened its stays a little and become the heartier *Those Were the Days*. The long Proustian sentences meander but do not work inwards into sensibility and memory, but outwards to cover the subject with a wicked, ridiculous and gorgeous foliage of satire. I have sometimes found Mr. Sitwell a congested and pompous writer, but this life story of Joanna, ward of one of Mr. Sitwell's most belligerent and embattled north-country spinsters, sweeps forward lightly with its fantastic burden of *bric-à-brac* and middle-class cultural wreckage. Joanna meets the artists, of course, and it is not until half-way through this long book when one realises she is going to be just a dull person and that Mr. Sitwell intends to have a much more festive time among the fads, fashions, *objets d'arts*, both animate and inanimate, of the 1910's and 1920's, that one loses zest. Perhaps a reviewer is no judge of length, but I do think there is an eventual monotony in Mr. Sitwell's interests. His people become indistinguishable from the cults and furnishings. He has much more to say about social fashion than about human beings, and Joanna at 40 is pretty thoroughly submerged. But, discounting the obsessions about hockey and girls' ankles, the Guards and the Great Massacre, there is a prodigiously elaborated gusto in this book. So many writers have imitated the juiciness of Dickens; only Mr. Sitwell has added something to the fantastic venom of the Dickensian tradition. The description of the Freemartin family, sniping and interfering on committees all over England, can be confidently put beside such set pieces as the introduction of Jarndyce *v.* Jarndyce. He guts the snob with the delight of a school of piranha rending a crocodile. He chases an old fraud like the bogus Italian Countess, who runs a finishing school in Florence, up and down her damp villa until one is helpless with laughter. His wit is unmerciful, but his humour—see Joanna's love affair with Esor, the painter with persecution mania—is large and brilliant. It is a pity that following with amusement the elaborate planning and placing of his more devastating shots one gets to know the technique too well. But this is his most ambitious, mature and successful book.

V. S. PRITCHETT

ANATOMY OF EMPIRE

Trials in Burma. By MAURICE COLLIS. *Faber and Faber.* 8*s.* 6*d.*

Mr. Collis can be legitimately offered bouquets for many different reasons, which means that his book may be safely recommended to many different kinds of readers. Those who take travel books and books of adventure indiscriminately from the circulating libraries should put it on their list; even the least discriminating will discriminate it from the machine-made product. It gives one a picture of Burma which is vivid, amusing, and alive; and sitting in your hire-purchased armchair in front of your gas-fire with the wireless on (not only in your own room, but audibly too from the flat below) you can peacefully live vicariously upon the banks of the Irrawaddy with the help and pen of a man who will probably make you see and feel more of the place than if you were there yourself. The more exacting and discriminating reader will recognise in Mr. Collis something more; he has a sense of words and a sensitiveness to places and people which is not entirely unsentimental but is regulated by a spice of wit and humour. These qualities alone take his book out of the ruck of the publishing season. He has joined the select company of empire-building English Civil Servants who have found in strange places and among strange peoples that emotional disturbance which, united with a sense of words and a few other rare things, may produce something which can claim to be literature rather than book-making.

Yet his book is something more even than that. It is an anatomy of the British Empire, at any rate in Asia. Mr. Collis is a Burma Civil Servant. His book is in form autobiographical. It opens with him on leave dining in All Souls with Mr. Geoffrey Faber and Sir John Simon, just before the Simon Commission sailed for India. Then he takes us with him to an out-of-the-way station on the Irrawaddy, one of those jungle stations which, for the sensible civilian, are so melancholy and so fascinating, which, from every point of view except promotion and ambition, are so much better than the Europeanised towns and seats of government. From rustic Sagaing Mr. Collis was translated to Rangoon as District Magistrate, and the greater part of his book describes his experiences in that post and town during 1929 and 1930, years which brought trouble and unrest to Burma. They brought trouble to Mr. Collis. First, he tried and acquitted a European on a charge of causing the death of his Burmese servant, but outraged the white sahibs by commenting in his judgment on the fact that the white man had not treated his Burmese servant "as a fellow-being." Then he tried Mr. Sen Gupta, the Indian political leader, on a charge of sedition brought against him by the Burmese Government, and outraged the Executive by inflicting upon Mr. Gupta a sentence of ten days' imprisonment instead of the customary two years. Finally he had to try a subaltern of the Camerons on a charge of causing grievous hurt to two Burmese women by rashly and negligently driving his car over a cross-roads against a red light, and outraged the British army by sentencing the white subaltern to three months' imprisonment.

The reader will learn more about the anatomy and biology of the British Empire from this autobiographical account of a Rangoon magistrate's experiences than from many of the large and heavy volumes in which imperialists and anti-imperialists have dissected out the merits and demerits of our system. For instance, the Sen Gupta case and the sequel to the case of the Camerons subaltern reveal more clearly than pages of analysis or vituperation the evils of the influence of the Executive upon the judiciary which Indians complain of so bitterly. Everyone interested in the nature of British imperialism should read Mr. Collis's book. They will learn much from an author who no doubt has his prejudices and his blind spots, like all of us, but who can see the good points in men whom he dislikes and in a system which he condemns.

LEONARD WOOLF

THEIR LIVES

Goose Feathers. By GEORGE DIGBY. *Collins.* 10*s.* 6*d.*
The Testament of a Victorian Youth. By WILLIAM KENT. *Heath Cranton.* 10*s.* 6*d.*
A Fire in the Kitchen. By FLORENCE WHITE. *Dent.* 10*s.* 6*d.*
Overture and Beginners. By RONALD ADAM. *Gollancz.* 10*s.* 6*d.*
Newsgirl in Egypt. By BARBARA BOARD. *Michael Joseph.* 12*s.* 6*d.*

Goose Feathers is the only one of these books that I should suggest with confidence—or indeed at all—as "something to read." It is not great literature, or pretending to be; but the author (a journalist) thoroughly understands his business of entertaining.

At seventeen he "began life" as a tea-planter in Ceylon, and from the way he deals with this episode we are deluded into expecting autobiography. But no—either Mr. Digby flinched at this stage, or he had never meant to be consecutive; at any rate, the record turns abruptly into a choice of highly coloured incidents from a life of wandering. I thought it a pity; but the author should know best about his own staying power. His other gifts, though not exactly striking, are well assorted. He has a talent for description: the chapters on Ceylon will arouse in anyone capable of such impulses a wild desire to go tea-planting, and there are other things—the first rain, after two years' drought, on an Australian sheep-station, the author's first glimpse of a Bird of Paradise—which stick in one's mind. Also he can spin a good yarn: try the one about his vigil, on a lonely Solomon Island, with an ex-hangman inflamed by remorse and whisky. I won't venture to say that one or two of these admirable stories are rather tall. But at least he keeps embellishment, sentimental and otherwise, for the foreground; the backgrounds are convincing enough, and indeed as an observer Mr. Digby inspires much more than the usual confidence. He has plenty of queer and interesting things to talk about, and obviously he has not yet reached the bottom of the sack—not by a long way. *Goose Feathers* is pretty sure to have a successor.

The Testament of a Victorian Youth should have been amusing, and for ten minutes or so I thought it was going to be. Mr. Kent had first-rate material for a religious autobiography of the lighter sort. He was brought up on the very hearthstone of Methodism: for years he was an exceedingly active member of Wheatsheaf Hall; and though the social comedy of Dissent is now a tired subject, a little art, with such perfection of intimacy, might have brought it to life. Unfortunately, Mr. Kent has no art whatever—he has a diary; and in the resulting avalanche of detail, every impression is swept away. One gets, simply, a confused idea of thousands of pages—and even that is inaccurate.

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But perhaps the author is too near "Wheatsheaf" to have produced the right book in any case. Not that he retains a spark of religious feeling; he never had one, at least as far as one can make out. But then his orthodox acquaintances had none either. Even in the nineties, their church as a religious centre was moribund, if not mummified; but it could offer something less arguable than doctrine—a "sense of clanship," a "warm togetherness," and (if you had talent) the opportunity to shine and hold forth. When one has battened on these comforts from childhood, they become a necessity. Mr. Kent had no God to lose, yet he left the fold as reluctantly as Lot's wife, and promptly afterwards . . . what do you think? He joined the South London Ethical Society, and "commenced to teach in its Sunday school"—just as a vegetarian may take to nut cutlets. What is more, he has been eating them ever since. To this day, the number of societies he frequents and (presumably) holds forth to would fill a paragraph: he is still arguing the same points, still poking his enlightened fun at Omnipotence. And the effect is indescribably old-fashioned—not to say tiresome.

Miss White is one of those people whose activity makes one blush to cumber the ground. Penniless and almost self-educated, with the handicap of partial blindness and of a weak heart, she has contrived to make her way everywhere, and to get through work enough—at a modest estimate—for three lifetimes. It pleases her to say that she is a cook; Florence Nightingale might just as accurately be called a nurse, and there is a certain likeness between them. Miss White's work, like her namesake's, has expanded from a home duty to an all-embracing vocation, and her aim at this stage is nothing less than to re-create the old English *Hausfrau*, but "with advantages"—for Miss White's *Hausfrau* would be a bluestocking. In the true Nightingale spirit, she regards cooking and domestic service, not as a job to be done, but as a sacred calling—the highest calling. "I can't understand why girls ever want to compete with men in public life." Her contempt for "so-called pleasures"—for every species of diversion—is absolute. She would, I think, be pleased to share the title of "a practical mystic." "What I should have liked would have been to be a cook in the kitchen of some strictly enclosed Contemplative Order of Nuns, or perhaps better still to be an anchoress like Dame Juliana of Norwich. I have a leaning towards a life of this kind, because I believe that thoughts get into the air by means of those N Rays of Dr. Blondlot's. . . ." It will be seen that her mysticism is of the kind which tends to appeal hopefully to the Fourth Dimension (though "I have never quite understood what the Fourth Dimension is"); and in actual fact she has ranged from one employment to another like the very soul of unrest. That is the impressive thing: her lack of thought for the morrow, her readiness to begin all over again, with passionate improvidence, at the age of seventy. It seems rude to smile at her—or even to confess that her book is dull.

Mr. Adam, of the Embassy Theatre, offers his "autobiography" in two sections, called *News* and *Views*. He writes briskly, and the only question is how much theatrical shop you can be bothered with. Most people, even if they seldom enter the theatre, can take a good deal, but though my own appetite is fairly keen, the first or narrative part of this book was too much for it. Surely it takes a professional to enjoy wading through a list of successive plays. The second half is much livelier.

Newsgirl in Egypt will pass an hour or so quite agreeably. It is superficial, but redeemed to some extent by Miss Board's knack of worming herself in, and seeing everything that could be seen in the time. She spent some days in a fellah's hut, she called on darweeshes, magicians and native hairdressers, she was present at village weddings and at the investiture of King Farouk. She is inquiring, and reasonably informative. In short, there is nothing to complain of—except the snippets of ancient history. But still it is hack work, and leaves one sympathetic but unexcited.

K. JOHN

IMPERIAL—BRITISH AND AFRIKANER

Outlanders: A Study of Imperial Expansion in South Africa, 1877–1902. By C. E. VULLIAMY. *Cape.* 12*s.* 6*d.*

It appears to be Mr. Vulliamy's conclusion that when, after a famous struggle, the Boer Republics had been brought under the British flag, all they had stood for became the dominant influence in the Union of South Africa. There was room for a well-considered study of this phenomenon and there is ample material on which to base a healing and helpful judgment. But the theme here is no more than the vexing of Afrikaners by unscrupulous Imperialist interference. Mr. Vulliamy has come to the field with an ear for the crisp telling of a story, and an interest in "strange characters" to each of which he attaches some sarcastic label—but a corresponding indifference to the influences of geography and economics which condition history in undeveloped countries. The account of the momentous but paltry skirmish on Majuba Hill and the inside story of the Jameson Raid are fresh and colourful: this last bears on its face the inference (not drawn), that had the crisis not synchronised so nearly with Christmas and Hogmanay, spent at a thirsty outpost by a party of irresponsible young men with unlimited access to whisky and champagne, that fateful ride might never have been begun. But the author makes no attempt to measure weighty issues. For President Kruger he shows some patronising sympathy. General Botha and other leaders, chiefly on the Boer side, get conventional eulogy: almost everyone on the other side is objectionable. Joseph Chamberlain, Rhodes, Milner are obvious game. Milner "with a group of young men fresh from Oxford (known as 'the Kindergarten') persuaded himself that he was beginning a work of reconstruction in Johannesburg." (Whatever their shortcomings this much the Kindergarten did in fact achieve.) The result is an unpleasant book which reads for a large part like the tract of a strong Boer partisan in 1900, there being added only a peculiarly nasty twentieth-century habit of suggesting prejudice against its Outlander heroes or victims, including the use of Jew as an epithet—some "Jew Outlander," "the Jew Barnato," *ad nauseam*.

It is therefore not surprising that to Mr. Vulliamy South African problems "are still unsolved . . . if not insoluble." Practically his only mention of the African is to call him "incalculable"—on the last page. He at least makes no attempt to calculate the Africans' part in the story. Nineteenth-century Imperialism as represented in Africa by Livingstone, or even by Rhodes's opponent in Bechuanaland, "poor" John Mackenzie, meant something besides "unconsidered prancing with Union Jacks into annexable corners of the world." Mackenzie's suspicion of the Boers on the Bechuanaland frontier he attributes to mere ill-will; there is hardly a word about the rape of Native land. Professor de Kiewiet, several times quoted, has shown lately how about 1877 Lord Carnarvon's hope was to use "the Imperial Factor" as the means of bringing the feeble and jealous fragments of South Africa into a unity in which there would be room and security alike for Briton, Boer and African. The British Government which was then the natural leader of any movement for close union had the incentive that a Boer "forward" policy was at any moment liable to involve Great Britain herself in the expense of native wars. Few South Africans then seriously proposed to do without the help of a British garrison. By the blundering of British officials Carnarvon's plan lost itself in a feud of Briton and Boer over the annexation of the Transvaal.

The consequences for the Native population are perfectly reflected in the attitude of the book; for many years their special interests, lumped together as "the Native question," won notice, if at all, only in the perorations of political speeches. It is true it is easy to point to British Imperial neglect of and disregard for these Natives. The shameful side of the story of Matabeleland loses little in Mr. Vulliamy's telling. But there was also the fact of the Cape Native franchise; and the Natives of the Protectorates were and are free and self-respecting. The other side of the story is that the Afrikaners, the victims in this book of British Imperial rapacity, were themselves perfectly good Imperialists in their own right. Their passion for (Native) land was completely unrestrained, and if their treatment of the Natives they ejected was lenient, it was so only on condition that these accepted their dependence and made no claim to rights. If Imperialism be the theme the story should be of the clash between Imperialism British and Imperialism Afrikaner.

This book, far from helping to reconciliation or reconstruction, rakes horribly over old, almost forgotten, sores. This treatment is mischievous for the encouragement it gives to those who still ignore the Afrikaner brand of Imperialism, and believe that to keep the Union sweet and loyal British responsibilities, as in the Protectorates, should be flung to it in trustful generosity. The South African Government to-day includes men of sympathy and good will who will dislike this book as much as any Outlander. South Africa itself is quite sufficiently grown up to be treated with absolute openness, and to recognise from bitter experience that in Africa Imperialism, of any brand, is not enough.

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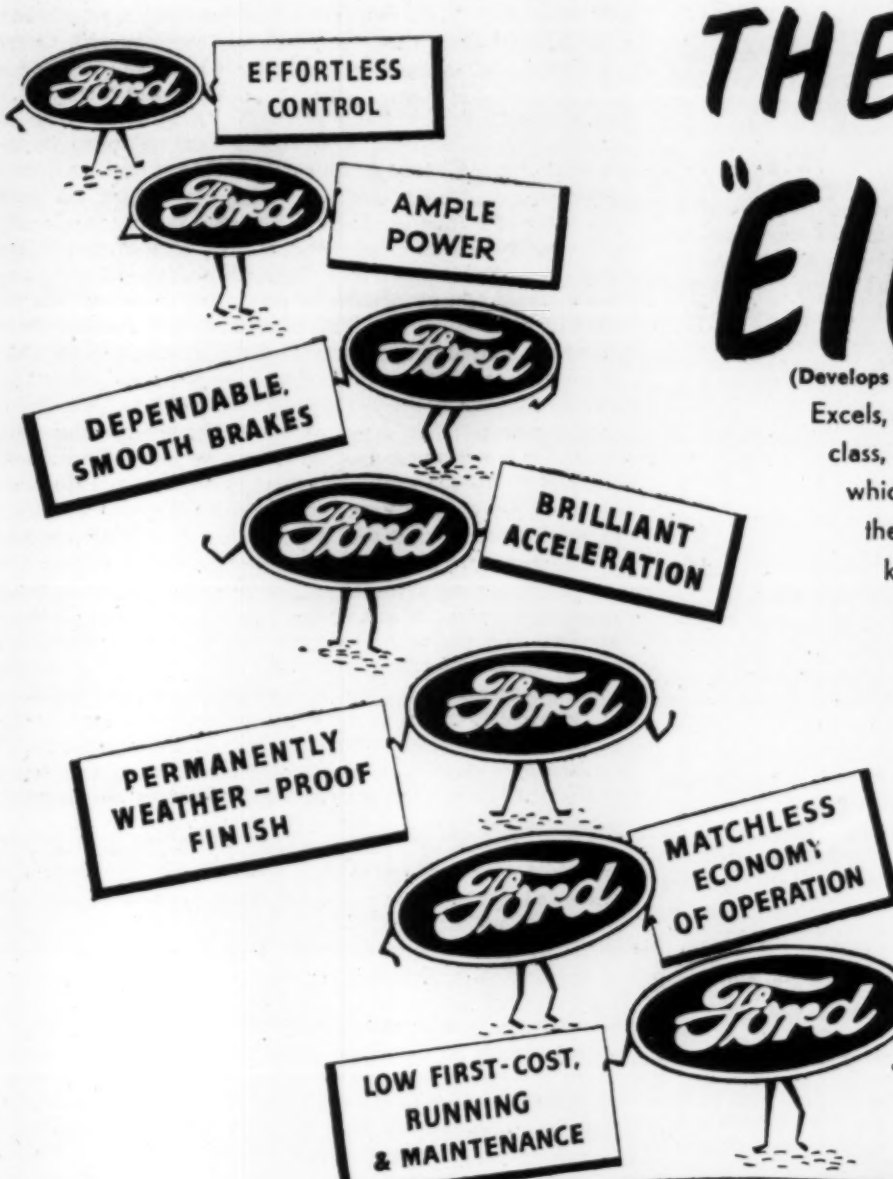

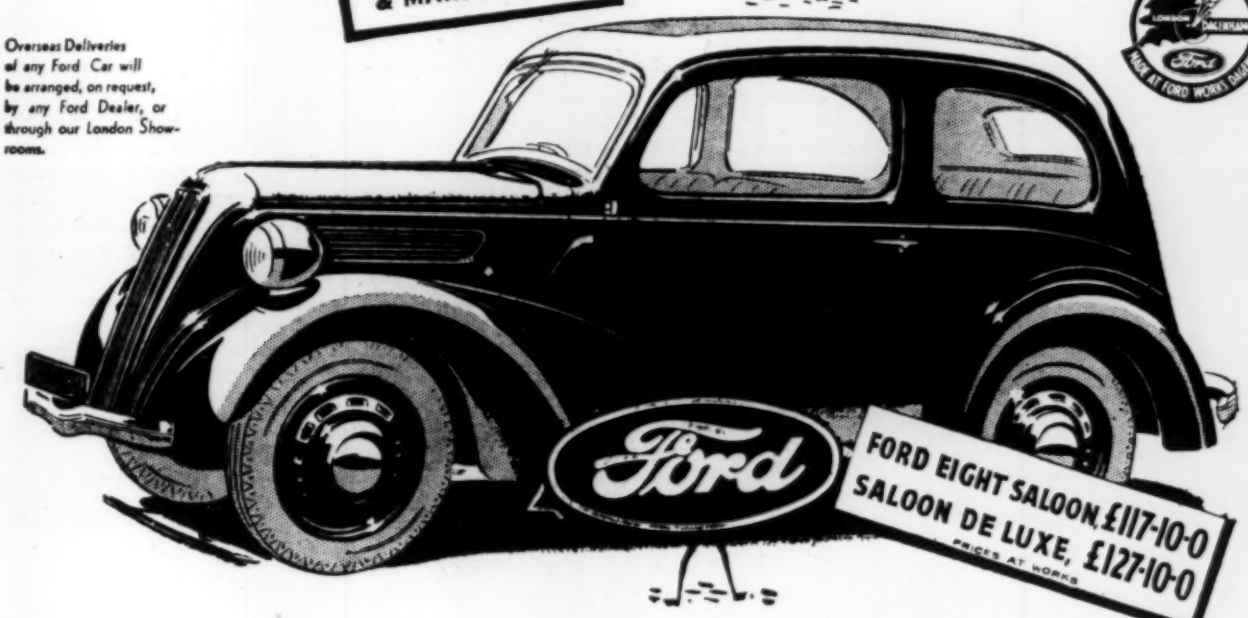

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THE BEGINNINGS OF POPULAR EDUCATION

The Charity School Movement. A Study of Eighteenth Century Puritanism in Action. By M. G. JONES. *Cambridge University Press.* 21s.

The character of the eighteenth century still eludes definition. Labels are attached to it to describe its part in the particular story one happens to be reading. It may figure as the Age of Reason or as an age of religious revival, as the Age of Benevolence or as an age of callous brutality. And if one tries to reconcile the contradictions by dubbing it an age of transition, one is left with the task of explaining in what sense the England of the Industrial Revolution was the natural product of the forces that guided the transitional movement. Nothing is more important for the resolution of these difficulties than to arrive at a true understanding of eighteenth-century philanthropy, for here reason, religion, benevolence and brutality met and wrestled. Miss Jones's book, therefore, which might at first sight appear to be a highly specialised monograph, is in reality an attempt to throw light on one of the most baffling problems of historical interpretation.

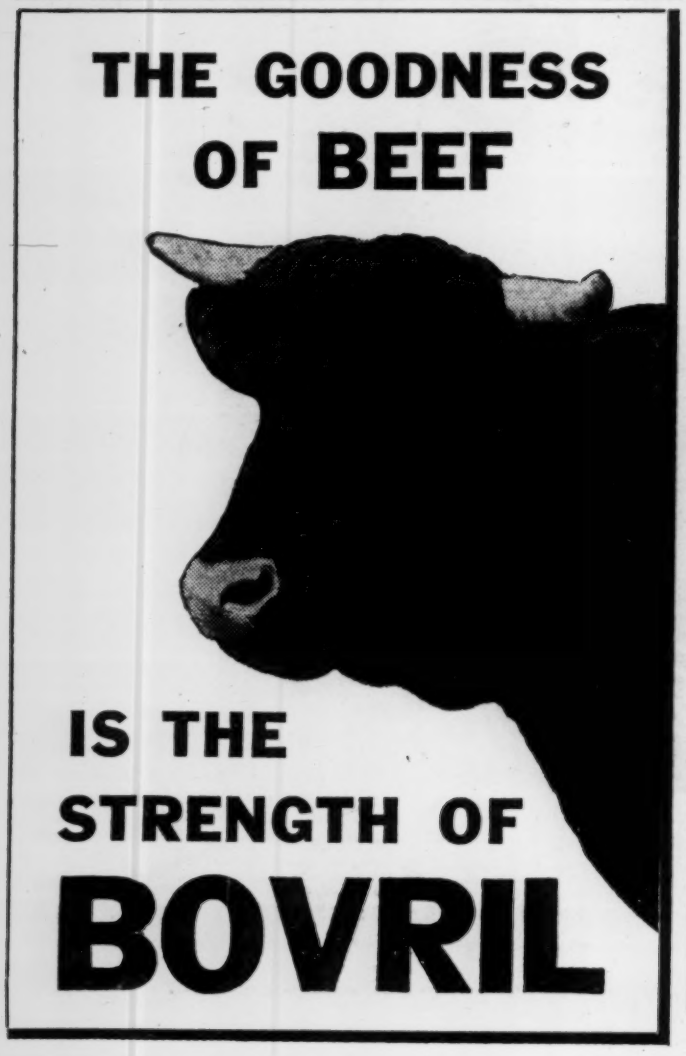
Miss Jones has not, like so many historians, confined her attention to England, nor even to England and Wales. She has extended it to both Scotland and Ireland, and much of the interest of her study derives from the comparison that can be made between the different parts of the British Isles. Most people probably think of the movement for popular education as having begun with the work of Bell and Lancaster. The Grammar Schools seem to link up rather with secondary education for the middle classes, and the Charity and Sunday Schools are dismissed with a brief reference as having led to nothing at all. Miss Jones exposes the error of this view. The extent to which the ideal of universal instruction for the children of the poor caught hold of the mind of the English middle class in the early eighteenth century has not been fully realised. Through the efforts mainly of the Society for Promoting Christian Knowledge the establishment of schools became a popular form of charity throughout the kingdom. Some were endowed and others lived precariously on local subscriptions. The London schoolchildren, of whom there were 5,000 in 1730, were a familiar and impressive feature of public ceremonies.

The motives behind the enthusiasm are not easy to disentangle. It is obvious that in many cases the schools were a source of pride and satisfaction to the founders, who felt a warm glow of righteous contentment when they contemplated the material fruits of their goodness. Sometimes the founders betrayed their enjoyment of the exercise of power, what Mandeville called "the delight of mean people in governing others." Occasionally even lower motives peeped through, as when the local tradesmen contrived to profit by the business which their charity, and that of their neighbours, had called into existence. It is clear, too, that the aim of the education given was to discipline the children in religion and morality and to inculcate social ideas and attitudes suited to their class. But it would be wrong to dismiss the whole movement as a cunning scheme devised by employers to increase the tractability of their labourers. The mere fact that the schools were constantly attacked on the ground that they educated the children above their station shows that the training was not merely of this repressive kind.

A generation that takes universal elementary education for granted is apt to think that the alternative to a child trained and disciplined for subordinate manual labour and obedience to its superiors is a child free to find for itself the place in society that its abilities merit. But that is not true of the eighteenth century. The alternative was an illiterate and uncivilised heathen. For, in the period we are considering, not only had the Church largely abandoned its task of instructing its members in the principles of its faith, but the social forces embodied in the institutions of family, trade and village were no longer effective in fitting the human raw material into its appropriate social mould. The philanthropists who undertook to civilise these savages could not do other than instruct them according to the principles of their own social code. It is because the conditioning was deliberate and rational, instead of unconscious and automatic, that it earns the rebuke of being self-interested propaganda.

At times, however, and in certain places, the aim of civilising the children according to the standards of the day was overshadowed by the desire to use education deliberately as a political force, in a manner reminiscent of the practices of some modern societies. Jacobites were accused of capturing the English schools to breed treason, and loyalists replied by teaching the virtues of the Hanoverian Succession. In the Highlands of Scotland the schools, run by a central corporation in Edinburgh, were treated as instruments for the defeat of Popery. But the clearest case was in Ireland. Here the whole character of the movement was different. It was financed largely from England and received substantial grants from the Government, and was regarded as a serious attempt to convert the wild and ignorant Irish into good citizens of Britain, freed from the superstitions fostered by their priests. In Wales, according to Miss Jones, the Charity Schools transformed the character of the people. Whereas they had been gay, illiterate, irreligious and indifferent to the call of patriotism, they became, as a result of instruction in reading, in writing, in scripture and in the Welsh language, serious, sober, literate, intensely religious and passionately nationalist in sentiment. And yet in Wales, more than anywhere else, the education was inspired by a genuine desire to instruct, and was free from the taint of ulterior motives.

For most readers the main attraction of this book will undoubtedly lie in the light it throws on the problem, universal in character, of the social functions of education and the causes that lead to its use for culture on the one hand or political propaganda on the other. But historians will find much more than this to interest them in the fruits of the scholarship that Miss Jones has brought to bear on her subject. T. H. MARSHALL



THIS WEAKER SEX

Maria Theresa. By CONSTANCE LILY MORRIS. *Eyre and Spottiswoode.* 15s.

The Love Story of Lady Palmerston. By F. E BAILY. *Hutchinson.* 18s.

Beloved Marian. By K. L. MURRAY. *Jarrolds.* 12s. 6d.

Khevenhüller, the ablest of Maria Theresa's generals, who, unlike most of them, could be depended on to win a battle now and again, was amazed at her prodigious stamina. "She can withstand all fatigues, wherein she exceeds many men." Con-

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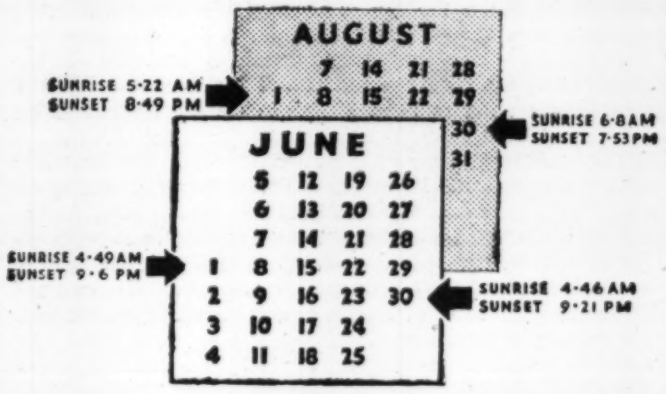

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sidering that she gave birth to sixteen children in nineteen years, this tribute hardly goes far enough. It seems incredible, yet it is true, that the physical tax of perpetual maternity did not prevent her from throwing herself with energy into the laborious and complicated task of governing the Austrian Empire, a collection of territories inhabited by people differing in race, language, religion and civilisation. She performed it so efficiently that this ramshackle empire, which in the early years of her reign was near collapsing altogether, had by the end of it been shored up and given a new lease of life. The achievement needed great courage, great faith, and great organising ability. At the time Frederick the Great invaded Silesia it may well have seemed impossible. Maria Theresa was then, to quote her own words, "without an army, without money, without credit, and without experience or knowledge." It should be added that she was without any minister of conspicuous talent, and that her husband, Francis of Lorraine, could not, or would not, or was not allowed to supply this deficiency. Until she appointed Kaunitz her Foreign Secretary, she had no collaborator who could claim an important share in her work. This is worth emphasising, because it is usual to discount the ability of female sovereigns by pointing to some great statesman as really responsible for the achievements of their reigns. I do not think that Mrs. Morris, the new biographer of Maria Theresa, has emphasised it enough. In her anxiety to avoid romantic idealisation she tends to underrate Maria Theresa's brains, which were not so inferior to those of Frederick the Great as she represents. But the intelligence of a virtuous and deeply religious woman with conservative views is always suspect, and such a woman Maria Theresa undoubtedly was, although there is much evidence in this book that she was quite another kind of woman too. It is the mixture of elements in her personality which makes it an interesting study. She was a reactionary, yet a reformer, a devout Catholic, yet no obscurantist. Her enlightenment is manifest in the statement she made when she gave a free pardon to a peasant sentenced to death for practising witchcraft. "It is certain that witches can only be found where there is ignorance. This man is no more capable of witchcraft than I am."

Mrs. Morris describes Maria Theresa's background in great detail. She often turns historian of Europe in the eighteenth century, leading the reader into a labyrinth of wars, treaties, diplomatic negotiations, strategic marriages, from which he emerges with the comforting conviction that his own times are not peculiarly troublous. In spite of her historical discursiveness Mrs. Morris has not neglected her duty as a biographer. She shows Maria Theresa in many different aspects, and gives a comprehensive account of her multifarious activities. It is a vivid and well-balanced portrait, neither flattering nor cruel. There is "the dear worthy Lady Prayerful" who "suffers from severe attacks of covetousness" of Catherine of Russia's malicious letter to Grimm, and there is the gallant heroine who defied Frederick the Great. The charge of hypocrisy brought against Maria Theresa for joining in the partition of Poland, taking her share of the swag, and weeping while she took it, is fully discussed. It is impossible to doubt that she really suffered at having been driven by her son and Kaunitz into this robbery, so her tears at least were not hypocritical. Her consciousness of guilt is not to be sneered at because it did not make her hand over her profits to her confederates.

Mr. Baily's biography of Lady Palmerston reminds me of a canvas I saw long ago in an exhibition, which was described in the catalogue as "Lord and Lady C." Really it was a painting of an interior, in which the figures were purely incidental. In the chatty style of the gossip column Mr. Baily has written a long history of the first seventy years of the nineteenth century in which Lady Palmerston is only an incident. The second marriage of this great lady, a sister of Lord Melbourne, and the widow of Lord Cowper, to Lord Palmerston in middle life is described as "one of the great love stories of our history," yet Mr. Baily has very little to say about it. He repeats over and over again the evidence that Lady Palmerston was an extremely devoted wife, who used her political influence on her husband's behalf to some purpose. Fortunately for the reader who wants to know a little more than that, a memoir of Lady Palmerston by Abraham Hayward which appeared in the *Times* in 1869 is quoted in full. Here her services to her husband are described in less general terms, and the qualities which made her a perfect political hostess are carefully analysed. Her stamina was almost as astonishing as Maria Theresa's. She outlived Palmerston, sturdy as he was, and was still handsome and mentally vigorous when she died at the age of 88. As a narrative of Palmerston's career Mr. Baily's book is not without merit, but it would have been better if its redundancies had been cut. Some of his comments on the crowd of distinguished personages he has assembled have an impertinent familiarity which I found irritating. The illustrations are well chosen and interesting. They include a fascinating portrait of Lady Caroline Lamb (Lady Palmerston's sister-in-law) in her page's dress.

Another wife to a famous man, Mrs. Warren Hastings, is the subject of Mrs. Murray's book, and I am still wondering why it was thought advisable to disguise her as "beloved Marian" in the title. It is a misleading title anyhow, as Mrs. Murray has not concerned herself entirely with the affairs of love. She has found room for a fresh and lively account of the trial which made the name of Warren Hastings more famous than all his work in India, and for a study, manifesting careful research, of social life there and in England in the eighteenth century. Hastings is acquitted once more, this time of the charge that he bought his beloved Marian for the sum of £10,000 from her first husband, Karl Von Imhoff. While disposing of this scandal, Mrs. Murray still leaves us with the impression that the divorce was not quite on the square, and that the love-story of Warren Hastings began rather sordidly. Beloved Marian was somewhat of a schemer in its early stages. Ambition rather than love was the motive of her second marriage. However, as time went on she became truly devoted to Hastings, and made him happy after his retirement from public life. She was not a very clever woman. It was stupid of her to flaunt her jewels at London parties at the very time it was important for Hastings to refute the charge that he had returned from India a very wealthy man.

> God! how her diamonds flock
> On each unpowdered lock!
> Illustrious dame! On either ear
> The Munny Begum's spoils appear!

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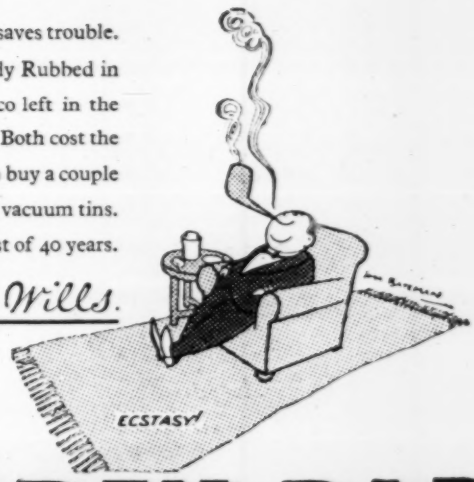

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OUR IMPERIAL CONSTITUTION

Constitutional Laws of the British Empire. By W. I. JENNINGS and the late C. M. YOUNG. *Oxford.* 18*s.*

The Government of the British Empire. By EDWARD JENKS (5th edition). *John Murray.* 9*s.*

The King, The Constitution, The Empire and Foreign Affairs, 1936-7. By A. BERRIEDALE KEITH. *Oxford University Press.* 8*s.* 6*d.*

There is a lot of sense in the analogy of the glass and the cushion for the classification of states. Hit a glass, and it breaks. Hit a cushion, and it may break; but the likelihood is only a dent, which soon resumes its old shape. The glass is the brittle, centralised state which functions at a high, and always higher, tension of efficiency; the cushion is the looser organisation, not so efficient, often passive to the point of danger, but perpetually resilient—unless there is too little stuffing, when it becomes amorphous and finally ceases to be of any account.

At this present moment it is a comfort to be reminded, as these books remind one, that the British Empire falls into the cushion category. Yet it is important to make sure that the stuffing is still there, and on this point they are not altogether reassuring. Their purpose is to observe, not to test or prophesy. They certainly give a very fair and in some ways exhaustive idea of the elements that compose the political structure of the Empire. But with abstract principles—those principles, so hard to define in terms of concrete manifestation, which are in fact the basis of English civilisation—the authors are not concerned. In all of them one feels a certain incoherence, as of a medieval botanist who knows what plants look like and how they behave, but who has not the science to relate them. Thus the reader who now sees his country drifting rudderless out of the course laid down by the whole of English history may be forgiven a twinge of apprehension lest elasticity for its own sake, if principle be really lost, may have started to degenerate into mere vapour. Fortunately, the chances are against this, because in the last event our rudder is public opinion and the English are a people of sound instincts in times of crisis. But all these authors are lawyers. They deal in facts, not hopes.

> The British Empire [say Messrs. Jennings and Young] contains as many constitutions as it contains political entities. There are two in the United Kingdom—though that of the United Kingdom as a whole is of the "unwritten" type—nine in Canada, seven in Australia, and one in each of the other Dominions and colonies, protectorates, and mandated territories, together with the constitution of the Windward Islands. This list takes no account of the Channel Islands, the Isle of Man, and British India. . . . A year never passes without several constitutions or constitutional amendments being produced, mostly by the Colonial Office. . . . These constitutions are of all kinds. There is hardly a constitutional device which is not to be found somewhere in the British Empire. No absolutism is so absolute as that which reigns in Gibraltar and Ascension Islands. There is no democracy so democratic as that which reigns in Australia. The initiative and the referendum, "fundamental rights," responsible and irresponsible administrations, single chamber and double chamber legislatures, committee government, dyarchy, elected and nominated councils, provincial devolution, and federations, are all to be found somewhere.

There are many explanations of this singular variety in the technique of government, and certainly our natural empiricism has had much to do with it. But a passage from Professor Jenks's well-known book is worth quoting in this connection:

> Even the masterful Norman Kings, despite the "Conquest" of 1066, made no attempt to root out this ancient English customary law—in fact they expressly guaranteed it. . . . What the Norman Kings and their judges did was to bring into agreement the various local customs, combine them into one "common law," and expand and enforce that common law in their own Courts.

By so doing, those kings and judges set a precedent which has guided all English political effort outside our shores and has given our empiricism a remarkable consistency. We have not, it is true, attempted to combine local customs into one common law. But we have respected the fundamental equity embodied in local customs and have either allowed it, as far as our own proprieties have permitted, to function in the form and manner to which the people are accustomed, or, if there was no equity, have infused our own into the workings of native procedure. Thus the Judicial Committee of the Privy Council may be called on to interpret, for the benefit of a court held in the name of the King, an African regulation of the Stone Age. It is this characteristic of conservative sympathy which is now transforming British rule into a system of voluntary co-operation and which chiefly distinguished our empire from its one comparable predecessor, the Roman. One is tempted to speculate which of the two systems will have contributed more to the ultimate benefit of humanity.

Each of these three books illustrates the imperial machine in its own way. Professor Jenks gives the broad constitutional facts as they are established on paper or by usage, while reserving his detail for the administration of the United Kingdom and its affinities. Messrs. Jennings and Young examine various questions of constitutional detail and show how they have been decided by recent legal decisions. Professor Keith deals in contemporary problems, such as the validity of the Duchess of Windsor's first divorce and the situation that would, and probably will, arise with regard to the protection of imperial shipping if the British Government were to grant belligerent rights to General Franco while the Dominion Governments refused it. It is strangely refreshing to find someone who still retains our ancient faith in the freedom of the seas. We have lived to see a British Government forget that the Empire was founded, and still depends for its existence, on that freedom. Professor Keith reminds us that even if the Parliament of Westminster shows the yellow streak, the parliaments of the Dominions may yet have something to say on the matter.

ROBERT BYRON

TWO MORE BOOKS ON SPAIN

The March of a Nation. By H. G. CARDOZO. *Eyre and Spottiswoode.* 10*s.* 6*d.*

Spain Between Death and Birth. By PETER MERIN. *Lane.* 12*s.* 6*d.*

The most delightful book on the Spanish war that I have read so far is undoubtedly the *March of a Nation*, by the *Daily Mail's* correspondent, Mr. Cardozo. Every adherent of the Left, when bored by the frequently monotonous propaganda of his own side, should read it; it would make him immune to all vacillation and doubt for a year. Thus, on page 35, he will find a scientific definition of the philosophy of Marxism, the brevity and pithiness of which will turn John Strachey and the Webbs pale with envy:

> Soil the hands of as many of your adherents as possible in blood. Madden them in any way you like—by alcohol, by incendiary speeches, by lust or envy—and force them to commit crimes which are indescribable in their horror. Once the tale of murder, rape, and arson has been inscribed, those men are Red revolutionaries for ever; they cannot desert; they cannot plead for mercy. They have placed themselves outside the pale of humanity, and therefore they are fit tools for a Communist regime inspired from Moscow. That was the work of Madrid during all the first weeks of the movement. . . .

That was "M" for "Marxism." Now "A" for "Atrocities"—page 74:

> . . . I have during the past year met dozens of newspaper correspondents and visitors to Spain of every shade of political opinion, and not once have I heard any serious accusation of any form of atrocities having been committed by the soldiers of the National Army. . . .

I wonder how Mr. Cardozo succeeded in not meeting Taylor of the *Chicago Tribune*, who was in Toledo at the same time as he, and described how the wounded in the Hospital St. Jean were finished off in their beds one by one with hand-grenades. But he did meet Knickerbocker in Talavera, and Knickerbocker stated in the *Evening Standard* that he saw the bodies of militiamen burned alive at Talavera. Mr. Cardozo apparently looked the other way; but he could not help noticing the following:

> . . . the dead bodies remained *for over five weeks*. The same could be said of all the bodies lying along the road and the other bodies which were to strew the road first to Toledo and then to Madrid. . . .

Everybody knows that the method of leaving bodies strewn about the streets to putrefy is one of Franco's methods of giving the civil population a Christian education. But an innocent abroad finds another solution:

> . . . I questioned many staff officers as to why bodies were not burned or buried quicker. . . . They replied, and I quickly realised their answer was true, that they had no spare labour to set aside for the job of grave-digging or of otherwise disposing of the corpses.

And that was "Q" for "Quick."

I have forgotten to say that *The March of a Nation* is described by the publishers, Messrs. Eyre and Spottiswood, as "The first authoritative, non-political account of the Spanish Civil War." (Mr. Cardozo is an honorary member of the Carlist Party and travelled through Spain with a red beret.) After this it is at least refreshing to read on the jacket flap of Peter Merin's *Spain Between*

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Death and Birth the sentence: "The book is definitely and frankly written from the Left standpoint." Mr. Merin, like Mr. Cardozo, was a War Correspondent, working for German-Swiss newspapers; he covered the Government side as Mr. Cardozo covered the Rebel side; he is "frankly Left" while Mr. Cardozo is "objective." I don't know which of them is the better stylist, but the method employed is entirely different. Half of Merin's book is devoted not to a description, but to an explanation of things; and the explanation begins with the frightening sentence:

> A number of Gentlemen took ship at the southernmost point of the peninsula and crossed the Straits to seek out Musa ibn Nosair, the Governor of Kairawan. It was the year 710. . . .

But don't be afraid, it is just the contrary of a dry historical treatise. These historical flashlights are interpolated into the present story very much in the Dos Passos technique of narrated photomontage, or like a film which at certain points suddenly starts reversing. Merin dug out a lot of odd, fusty documents from the archives. These he works very cleverly and artistically into the text, and all his finds compare amazingly with the present events. This half of the book is a brilliant piece of writing and gives the historical atmosphere of Spain better than anything I have read or seen.

Unfortunately, the other half of the book, the one dealing with the present war (and mainly with the siege of Madrid) is much weaker. There is a certain sentimental pathos which has a rather false ring and reminds one of second-rate Russian novels—this sort of pink lemonade has spoiled many a gifted Left writer. This weak point may be partly due to the fact that Merin only saw the early, unorganised, romantic stages in the construction of the Spanish People's Army (the front-page illustration of the book shows a good-looking Militia-girl with the inscription "Political Commissar"). It was a very picturesque, spectacular manner of carrying on a war, and the surest way of losing it. Fortunately this period is over and therefore this part of Merin's book gives an involuntarily distorted impression. But the other half is so good, that it is nevertheless well worth reading it. ARTHUR KOESTLER

GEORGE GISSING

Stories and Sketches. By GEORGE GISSING. Published for the first time in book form. With a Preface by his son, A. C. GISSING. *Michael Joseph.* 7s. 6d.

Gissing is a writer who remains enigmatic because he is always slightly disappointing to read. Why then, does he survive? His books are hopelessly dated as social documents. Their manners and moral tone are, superficially at least, those of the serial stories in the religious monthlies of the eighteen-eighties. Often their much-praised literary style is worthy of the "Welcome Magazine" too. Here is an example from one of the tales in this book. "His shiny clothes sat awkwardly upon him; his travelling bag might have come straight from the shop; his very chin seemed unaccustomed to the perfect razor which has this morning operated upon it. A ruder visage I have seldom looked upon, yet it did not betoken ill-nature, not even a radically mean disposition. He glowed with gratitude to me for what I had told him, and only by maintaining a very rigid hauteur, which is not my foible, could I have checked the copious flow of his conversation."

A legend has grown up about Gissing's remarkable classical scholarship and its reflection in his sonorous and gracefully moving prose style. Some readers even assume that these are the qualities which make his work survive. But an analysis of his prose brings up only too many phrases such as that "very chin" and "ruder visage" and the "rigid hauteur." There is a stiffness about his phrases, as there is about his paragraphs, which leaves one finally with the impression that he wrote self-consciously and without that necessary element of luck without which a writer can never pronounce his personality. This self-consciousness penetrates deeper. It strikes at the structure of his stories. The weakness is most apparent in these short stories and sketches. Almost every one in this volume leaves a sense of dissatisfaction. All start well, and Gissing quickly creates atmosphere and character. Circumstances begin to move with the necessary amount of intrigue to awaken curiosity. Then suddenly the bottom drops out of the story. The author relaxes his grip, grows bored or afraid, and rounds the tale off lamely. He does it so frequently that one may suspect him of deliberate philosophic design, a sort of symbolic irony. But if that was his intention, it was too feeble and too private to become an artistic success.

Evidence occurs again and again to disprove this suspicion of deliberate device. For example, in the story, "A Calamity at Tooting," the fault appears at its worst. We are introduced to two girl friends, the usual drab lower-middle-class types with which alone Gissing seemed inclined to deal. One of them removes to Hornsey, and the girls henceforth conduct their friendship by post. Suddenly the poorer one receives a summons to go at once to her friend. When she arrives, she finds the household upset. The mother is in tears, and the girl has locked herself in her room and refused to eat for two days. There is a young man somewhere, vaguely, in the offing. After much coaxing and commiseration, the friend persuades the girl to unburden herself. It appears that a photograph of her when two years of age was sent by her parents, with a letter, as advertising material for Hoggins Food, on which the infant was first brought up. Now that photograph has been produced by some kindly malicious acquaintances and is being shown round the parish, just at the time when the now pretty girl is about to become engaged. She curses her parents, the neighbours, the world at large. She denies that the picture is of her. That is all. Nothing eventuates from a situation in which outraged maidenly vanity might have created a dramatic crisis involving the happiness of her young man and herself. Everything is left in the air, floated by this gas-balloon of a remark, "but Alma's poor little soul had come in conflict with the laws of life, and, to her eyes, the shadow of harsh destiny darkened Tooting."

The same might be said of Gissing. Merely the shadow, and not the destiny itself, is enough to shrink him into a paralysis of spirit. He cannot envisage a man getting up and striking out for himself. Poverty, the greasy, drab poverty of late-Victorian times, creeps over his world like poison gas, asphyxiating all his characters. Even when a man escapes, as one does in the story called "The Hapless Boaster," he does so only by a stroke of luck. He drifts into comparative affluence. But it only makes him a vulgar bore, and he soon settles back into the comatose condition from which he once emerged.

Yet with all these carpings, which the present collection of stories provokes, just as the rest of Gissing's work provokes them, one finds the book interesting. A turn of phrase, an extension of it into a paragraph, a page, and sometimes even a whole story, is filled with dignity, muscular force, and originality of mind. The characters come instantly to life, even though they do nothing with that life. The scenes are quickly vivid, even though they are too consistently sordid. These feeble heroes of five feet in height, fed upon an intellectual diet of Smiles's essays, have a way of catching at one's imagination, and one can almost understand why Gissing's women, so often consumptive, work-enfeebled creatures, fall in love with the Lilliputians and battle half-heartedly beside them, trying to keep the wolf from the door. One even longs for them to succeed, so that Gissing, their creator, may for once have an emotional let up from his miseries.

RICHARD CHURCH

SHORTER NOTICES

Who's Who, 1938. *Black.* 60s.

This invaluable reference book continues to be entertaining as well as accurate. It carries us from Professor Richard Ithamar Aaron to the Rev. Samuel Marinus Zwemer. We learn that the P.G. of Mr. Wodehouse stands for the magnificent Whig names of Pelham and Grenville. The recreations are always interesting. Mr. Osbert Sitwell has altered his, since last year, from Prophecy and waiting for the end, to Pied-piping. (It will be remembered that he celebrated the Abdication by a poem about Rats.) Mr. Sacheverell Sitwell, after stating that he was at Eton and Balliol, adds that he is mostly self-educated. Professor Jung's recreation is given as Researches about Primitive Psychology in North Kenya. Mr. Frank Dobson enjoys talking nonsense, the Bishop of Qu'appelle prefers photography and astronomy. Mr. Clive Bell seems alone in denying firmly that he has any recreations. Commander Duncan Grant likes tennis, golf and cricket. We notice a few omissions. Auden and Spender are bereft of their Isherwood, there is only one Wyndham Lewis, and not a single Godfrey Winn.

Denmark in History. By J. H. S. BIRCH. *John Murray.* 15s.

Histories of Denmark are scarce in our language. Considering how closely connected we are with the four Scandinavian kingdoms, not only by race, commerce and political affinity but by general *Weltanschauung*, it is surprising how little informed we are about them. The appearance of a new account of Danish history, more detailed and comprehensive than previous authorities like Stefansson and Bain, is therefore very welcome. The author, a diplomatist formerly in Copenhagen, has used native sources inaccessible to historians who have no Danish. *Denmark in History* should further understanding of Denmark at a time of increasing interest in that country and its political

Purge:

"There is nothing fresh to be said about the Soviet trials," wrote Critic in last week's "New Statesman." That is hardly true. New facts *are* coming to light, facts which clear up some of the questions raised by the previous trials. But those of us who want to get to the bottom of the whole baffling business—and who doesn't?—need a great deal more data to work on. For this reason, "Controversy" includes in its March issue an extremely detailed and entirely *factual* analysis of the Purge, and a diary of its progress which is as complete as research can make it. Nothing a quarter as detailed has appeared on the subject in any book or periodical in the country. Not only is this analysis of immense interest at the present time, but it will remain invaluable as a work of reference.

And you need not fear that the analysis is given a political 'slant.' It is really impartial. You find that hard to believe?—then you can't ever have seen a copy of "Controversy," which is the only magazine printed in English (or, as far as we know, in any other language) *entirely* as an open forum for writers of every shade of left-wing opinion. We give no editorial 'line'—we present all sides of an argument and leave the reader to sum up for himself. That, we believe, is (nowadays, particularly) a very worth-while job. Don't you think it deserves your support? "Controversy" is published monthly, price 3*d*. (twelve-month subscription, 3*s*. 6*d*.), and can be obtained through the Socialist Bookshop, 35 St. Bride St., London, E.C.4., or W. H. Smith bookstalls.

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system. All the same one cannot help regretting—the more so since the author is stated on the cover to be aiming at *popular* style—that he has written in conventional "historical journalese." That criticism does not imply disrespect. The vast majority of modern history books, the most eminent at that, are composed in this form—stolid, accurate, unembellished, deliberately colourless and impartial. He fills many pages, for instance, with the details of skirmishy and indecisive campaigns—surely the kind of history writing that Mr. Wells so much deplores—but skims very lightly over Denmark's cultural development, politely euphemises the amatory irregularities of Christian IV, Christian VII and other Danish monarchs and gives only very arid portraits of such fascinating personalities as Struensee and Brandes. Consequently *Denmark in History* is unlikely to attract the historical-minded. Broadly speaking, Denmark's history has been one of dwindling international and rising internal achievement. The Baltic is no longer, as in the days of the Valdemars, a Danish Mediterranean. Even before the transference of Norway to Sweden in 1814, Denmark had lost her virtual hegemony of the North. On the other hand the prosperity of the Danish people as a whole, from the days of the conflict between the aristocracy and *de ufri staender* to modern Socialist rule, has steadily increased. It has become a platitude to speak of Scandinavian progressiveness. Mr. Birch shows that this has always been a Danish virtue. Denmark was one of the first, if not the first, countries to abolish slave-trading, to introduce Protestantism and to legalise the Freedom of the Press. Struensee's reforms, too, were centuries before their time—amongst other measures which rankled with his contemporaries, he ordered that funerals should take place by night only and converted a chapel into a hospital for venereal diseases. It is unfortunate that no map of Denmark itself is included, but the illustrations are pleasant.

I Can Get it For You Wholesale. By JEROME WEIDMAN. *Heinemann.* 7s. 6d.

Mr. Weidman has been "newsboy, soda-jerker, mail clerk, delivery boy, operator in a necktie factory, hot-dog dispenser at Coney Island, switchboard operator, and stenographer," and he is now twenty-four. He is a *New Yorker* and *American Mercury* contributor, and *The New York Times* has called this, his first novel, "as hard-boiled as a twelve-minute egg." As a book to read when one's tired, it could hardly be better: it is full of post-Runyonisms, and contains the most outrageously offensive hero one could imagine. He begins with a fake Trades Union for shipping clerks, and then sneers, snarls and swindles his way to success among the Jewish dress manufacturers of Seventh Avenue, wrecking every friend on the way, and loving his old Momma like anything all the time. This novel is by no means on *Postman*, or *Samarra*, level. But for those whom American slang stimulates, it bristles with the newest, slickest and most astringent we have yet met.

Week-end Competitions

No. 418

Set by A. P. Rossiter

The usual prizes (Two Guineas and Half a Guinea) are offered for 300 words of a selected passage from a 5th Book of *Gulliver's Travels*, dealing with a voyage to Cynosuria, a land populated by intelligent dogs.

RULES—

1. Envelopes should be marked with the number of the Problem, in the top left-hand corner, and should be addressed to COMPETITIONS, 10 Great Turnstile, High Holborn, W.C.1. Solutions must reach the Editor by first post on Friday, March 18th.

2. Competitors may use a pseudonym. Typescript is not insisted on, but writing must be on one side of the paper only.

3. The Editor's decision is final. He reserves the right to print in part or as a whole any matter sent in, whether it be awarded a prize or not. MSS. cannot be returned. When no entries reach the required standard no prize will be awarded.

4. No competitor is eligible for more than one prize in any one week.

The result of last week's competition will be announced in our next issue.

RESULT OF COMPETITION No. 416

Set by Roger Marvell

We offer the usual prizes of Two Guineas and Half a Guinea for a comment upon Mr. Eden's resignation in one of the following forms: (1) a letter from Queen Victoria, (2) twelve lines from a poem by Tennyson, (3) part of a speech by Mr. Balfour or (4) a Broadsheet. Entries not to exceed 300 words.

Competition Report by Roger Marvell

This competition attracted a large number of entries, but the standard was not very high. Too often the competitors were so anxious to express their own feelings about Mr. Eden and foreign policy that they forgot the exigencies of style. Of the four forms offered, a speech by Mr. Balfour was the most difficult—and, I should have thought, the most interesting. Only two competitors attempted this, neither of them successfully. (John Peel began well: "Like that elusive yet familiar personage, the man in the street, I instinctively regret the resignation of Mr. Anthony Eden.") Several entrants sent actual extracts from Tennyson, usually from *The Third of February*, 1852:

As long as we remain, we must speak free,
Tho' all the storm of Europe on us break;
No little German state are we,
But the one voice in Europe—we *must* speak:
That if to-night our greatness were struck dead,
There might be left some record of the things we said.

Others sent more or less comic parodies. What I wanted were serious lines in a style like that of *The Third of February*, and I received none that were satisfactory.

The Queen Victorias were difficult to classify. I liked Redling's:

> And that reminds the Queen that Mr. Chamberlain is far too fond of calling himself a *business man*, as though it was something to brag about. She fears his business methods will be of little use against Mussolini. The man has practically usurped his rightful sovereign, but she cannot blind herself to the fact that he is *crafty, cunning and clever*. Would that Mr. Disraeli were here to deal with him!

William Bliss's entry is an excellent imitation of the Queen in her more statesmanlike style, writing with the help of her Private Secretary. After some hesitation, I think the two best imitations of her style come from N. H. Romanes and J. B. Bridge. Each is convincing, for the Queen might have taken either line. (It would no doubt have depended upon whether the Prime Minister was Dizzy or Mr. G.) Good broadsheet came from "No Confidence," Allan M. Laing and W. Leslie Nicholls. I like Mr. Nicholls's:

He told the Dictators where they stood;
That was why they were after his blood.
Old Hitler and Mussolini
Treated him with obsceny.

Mr. Percy Lee quite good:

Trust not in the Opposition: let their flattery find you cold,
Lest their Leader's subtle bleatings lure you to the Labour fold.
They will hold you, should they get you securely in their grips,
Nothing higher than their Greenwood, something lower than their Cripps.

I recommend that the First Prize be divided between N. H. Romanes and J. B. Bridge, the second given to "No Confidence."

THE QUEEN TO MR. CHAMBERLAIN.

Osborne, February 20th.

The Queen is much alarmed to hear from Mr. Chamberlain that her Foreign Secretary is *still* threatening to resign. The Queen cannot *believe* that Mr. Eden will persist in so wrong and *dangerous* a course because of what appears to her a mere question of procedure, as well as to *all* his colleagues. (The Queen does not *count* Lord Cranborne who is *not* in the Cabinet and both whose *uncles* are quite mad.)

Surely Mr. Eden sees how his resignation would be misrepresented by *all* the subversive forces at work here and abroad: they will say that Hitler and Mussolini have *ordered us* to get rid of him, for no lies are too wild or too wicked for the Opposition to invent *and* believe. The Queen does NOT suppose that Mr. Eden wants to *break up* this Government, the only one in Europe whose continuance gives any hope of peace; and if the Socialists had had their way, we should have long ago have been plunged into War on behalf of China, Abyssinia, Spain, etc., and they would have ensured our being completely unprepared for it.

Has the Prime Minister *told* Mr. Eden what the Queen said in her last letter, that a political *crisis* at this moment is *more* than she can bear? Already the anxiety which he has *quite unnecessarily* caused is making her ill.

N. H. ROMANES

What Queen Victoria might (perhaps) have said on the recent Crisis.

"The Queen is *shocked* and *indignant* beyond measure at the circumstances of Mr. Eden's resignation.

"She had always thought that the *honour* and PRESTIGE of England were most safe in the hands of the Conservative Party, but now, she does not know *what* to think!

"The Queen would *urge* the Prime Minister to think where his policy is going to lead this country. She is *convinced* that the aim and intentions of the Dictators is to set all Europe by the ears. Oh! if the Queen were a man, she would like to give those Italians, whose word one CANNOT believe, *such* a beating! We shall *never* be friends till we have had it out!

"Lady —— deserves a GOOD WHIPPING!

"The Queen yields to NO ONE in her wish to keep the peace of Europe, but she feels *most* STRONGLY that Peace *cannot* be attained by bargaining with those whose *ambition* and AGGRESSION are a menace to the *whole world*.

"The Queen will go further, and say that if England is to lose the RESPECT of other nations, she does not see *how* she can *continue* to work for, and reign over, a country that has so *sunk* in the world's estimation.

"With the Queen's poor health, and her great loneliness, it is only her *strong* sense of DUTY and her LOVE for her people, that enable her to continue at all. The *only* reward she desires is to have the *affection* of her people, and the knowledge that her beloved country is second to NONE in the *moral estimation* of the world."

J. B. BRIDGE

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MIEDERS-IN-STUBAI, Tirol; 3,100 ft. up, 10 m. Innsbruck, beautiful Alpine scenery. Excellent cuisine; English spoken and English library. Terms: Low season, 7*s.* 6*d.*; High, 8*s.*-8*s.* 6*d.* daily. Special arrangements parties. HERR BECK, Hotel Lerchenhof.

CENTRAL HOTEL, 1 bis rue du Maine, Paris. Rooms from 200 *francs* per month.

RIVIERA HOTEL DE LA MER, Cap Martin. Facing full south in own grounds direct on Sea. Buses to Menton and Monte Carlo. Pension 75. inclusive.

PENSION, VILLA SAINT MICHEL, CROIX VALMER (VAR). Du Soleil, des fleurs, bois de pins, jardin, bord de mer. Tout Confort, Pension 45 à 60.

MISCELLANEOUS

CUMBERLAND Tweed Skirts tailored to your own measures by Redmaynes, in one of their new tweeds. Prices from 21*s.* Patterns and particulars without obligation. REDMAYNES, 10 Wigton, Cumberland.

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MONTESSORI Method, postal course, inexpensive, 6 lessons. Dr. JESSIE WHITE, 46 Gt. Russell Street, W.C.1.

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10 Great Turnstile, London, W.C.1

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Lady, aged 31, daughter of clergyman, suffering from inoperable tumour, dependent on widowed mother who is scarcely able to provide for her own needs. PLEASE HELP us to provide medical necessities, nursing care and dressings which are so urgently needed.

The Secretary, Mrs. H. B. Bromley-Davenport, C.B.E., J.P.
74 BROOK GREEN, LONDON, W.6.

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KOLYNOS is known throughout the world as a tooth paste which cleans and brightens teeth without harmful bleaching action or unnecessary abrasion. Of all Chemists and Stores. 1/9, 1/- and 6d. per tube.

he says—
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Please write on ONE SIDE OF PAPER only.

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The Advertisement Manager
THE NEW STATESMAN & NATION
10 Great Turnstile, Holborn, W.C.1

BROADSHEET

Britons all, give heed to my warning:
The nation's honour its leaders are pawning.
They've got rid of the man, by a dirty trick,
Who stood by Freedom through thin and thick.
In triumph Musso and Hitler shout,
So glad they are that EDEN'S out.
The thin grey man with the long sad face
Sells out to the foes of the British race.
In tyrants' lies he puts his trust—
Anthony stands for Principle fust.
If Neville thinks he's a representation
Of the mind of the whole of the British Nation,
He makes the biggest mistake of his life,
Because me and Fred and Gert and the Wife
and George and Perce and the rest of our street,
And the copper that comes around on his beat,
We all of us think he should get the sack.
WE WANT ANTHONY EDEN BACK!
He may be a Tory, but here's a MAN,
Who has honestly done the best he can
To stand for Democracy, Peace and Right,
Unafraid of Dictators' Might.
We don't want Halifax backstairs talks
With the dirtiest murderer that walks.
Mister Chamberlain may have forgot
What Hitler is, but we have not.
Of a certain Lady's taste in friends,
We don't think much, and my poem ends
With a call to Britons of every station
To forget self and party and think of the nation,
To work to put Anthony back in his place—
Then we can look the world in the face.
Show the Dictators the Lion can roar!
Don't let us hear of retreat no more.

"NO CONFIDENCE"

CALIBAN'S PROBLEM CONTEST

PROBLEM 271.—LORD WHIMSEA'S WILL

Extract from the "Daily Howl":

A record number of silks will be engaged in Mr. Justice Moon's court to-morrow, when a case involving some millions of pounds comes before His Lordship for decision.

The case arises out of the late Lord Whimsea's will, the text of which includes the following passages:

"I bequeath to each of the persons named in the sealed document deposited with my solicitors who shall satisfy the provisions hereinafter set forth such share in the sum named in the said document as under the said provisions he shall be eligible to receive.

"Each of those persons severally is to be acquainted by my solicitors with the following fact concerning the said sum. It is susceptible of equal division among all the persons named in the said document, or among any number of them, in such manner that each person participating in the division receives an exact number of pounds.

"I further bequeath to each of the said persons named in the said sealed document the sum of £280, irrespective of whether such persons are or are not eligible for participation in the sum named in the said document. Participation in the sum named in the document will however be confined to each person who, on being informed by my solicitors of the contents of this will, correctly deduces what is the total amount available for division and satisfies my solicitors to this effect.

"The total of the two bequests hereinbefore set forth is a multiple of one thousand pounds."

The "Daily Howl" understands that four of the persons named in the sealed document have failed to solve Lord Whimsea's problem, and that they are now opposing the division of the named sum among the remainder in accordance with the provisions of the will. It is not known how many of these potential legatees there are, but inquiries have satisfied us that there are at least nine of them. It is understood that, if the provisions of the will are upheld, each of them will receive a sum not far short of a million pounds. It is not surprising therefore that the provisions of the will are now being strenuously contested by the potential legatees who have failed to make good. . . .

If the provisions of the will are upheld, how much will each legatee receive?

PROBLEM 269.—PASS THE SALT, PLEASE

I am allowing another week for solutions.

PROBLEM 268.—DAUGHTERS OF EUPHROSYNE

A set of Low's cartoons goes to: Dr. H. M. Wilson, Applegarth, Peary Street, Wendover, Bucks.

Five points were awarded.

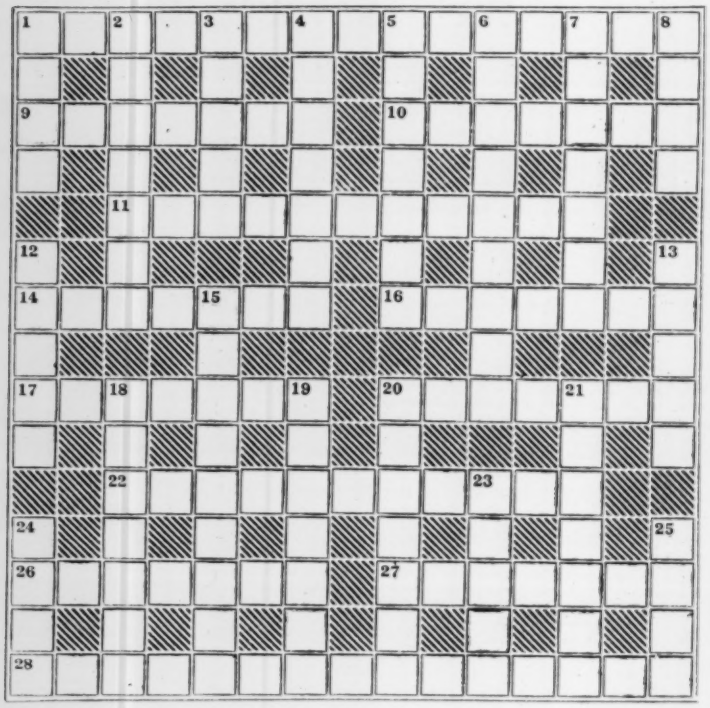
There were about 250 correct solutions.

[U.S.A. Competitors. The Editor regrets that the prizes offered in our Week-end Competitions cannot apply to American competitors.]

CALIBAN

WEEK-END CROSSWORD 418

Books to the value of Five Shillings may be chosen by the sender of the first correct solution opened. Post solutions to arrive not later than first delivery Wednesday following the date of issue, addressed to "CROSSWORDS," 10 Great Turnstile, London, W.C.1.



Set by L.-S.

The last week's winner is
Winifred Rintoul, 5 Emerson Road, Bishopbriggs, Glasgow.

ACROSS

1. Insurance against the dangers of too many treats? (15)
9. It would take a Chopin to compose this. (7)
10. A balmy thing to use. (7)
11. A grievous thing to die of. (11)
14. They consider themselves barely presentable. (7)
16. No doubt many a yarn has been spun about this tree. (7)
17. Ancient ones liked no doubt to appear as Bluecoat Boys. (7)
20. 3's pace on his chase across Australia? (7)
22. Product of bad-tempered bakery, perhaps. (11)
26. He's a bit of a lad in Ireland. (7)
27. How to put life in a team. (7)
28. Dead fast rates. (15)

DOWN

1. It helps the eye-wash. (4)
2. Eli's grandson. (7)
3. Dog of the Underworld, so to speak. (5)
4. They 'ave a 'arrowing time. (7)
5. How the successful cadger treats you. (7)
6. You can't help making a pile in this job. (9)
7. Ready to be finally dug in. (7)
8. Sounds a place that tourists ought to see. (4)
12. Slight acts. (5)
13. Events that warm you up no doubt. (5)
15. What small persons make of their jobs. (9)
18. Quick way to shine at anything. (7)
19. Produces liquid jet. (7)
20. Uncover the trunk when you land. (7)
21. Land tenure of Arundel. (7)
23. Low Colonel. (5)
24. Ate father's cheese cakes in Damascus. (4)
25. They manufacture cellular fabric. (4)

LAST WEEK'S CROSSWORD

G		H		R		A	S	T	R	A	K	H	A	N
O	C	U	L	A	R		T		O		N		U	
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C		B		M	A	I	D		E	N	T	E	R	S
L	E	A	D	E	R		A	R	R	A	Y		A	
U		L			I		R			N				D
B	I	L	L	I	A	R	D	S	M	A	R	K	E	R
S				M			B		E			N		E
	R		N	A	C	R	E		D	R	O	O	P	S
P	A	N	A	M	A		A	L	O	E		C		S
	P		R		N		R		C	A	L	K	E	D
A	I	G	R	E	T	T	E			S		E		O
	E		O		A		R		B	O	R	R	O	W
B	R	O	W	N	B	E	S	S		N		S		N

London Amusements

MATINEES

All at 2.30 p.m. unless otherwise stated.

ALDWYCH. Housemaster. Wed., Sat.

AMBASSADORS. Surprise Item. Tu., Fri.

COLISEUM. St. Moritz. Daily, 2.30.

DUCHESS. I Killed the Count. Wed., Sat.

DUKE of YORK'S. Black Limelight. W., T., S.

GARRICK. This Money Business. Th., Sat.

GLOBE. "Robert's Wife." Wed. and Sat.

HIPPODROME. "Hide and Seek." Th. & S.

LYRIC. Victoria Regina. Wed., Thurs. & Sat.

PALACE. Dodsworth. Wed., Sat.

QUEEN'S. Three Sisters. Wed. & Sat.

ROYALTY. I Have Been Here Before. Th., S.

SAVOY. Thank You, Mr. Pepys. M., W. S.

ST. MARTIN'S. Plan for a Hostess. Tu., Fri.

STRAND. Death on the Table. Thurs., Sat.

WESTMINSTER. Land's End. Wed., Sat.

WYNDHAM'S. George & Margaret. W., S.

THEATRES

ADELPHI. (Tem. 7611.) Popular Prices.
BALALAIKA (All seats bookable.)
TWO FULL Performances Nightly, 6.20 and 9.
2*s.* 6*d.* to 8*s.* 6*d.*, INCLUDING TAX.

ALDWYCH. EVENINGS, 8.30. Tem. 6404.
Mats. WEDNESDAY, SATURDAY, 2.30.
HOUSEMASTER
A Farcical Comedy by IAN HAY.

AMBASSADORS. (Tem. 1171). 8.30. Tu., Fri. 2.30.
SURPRISE ITEM
A New Comedy by Cyrus Brooks.
MARIUS GORING. VALERIE TAYLOR.

COLISEUM, Charing X. Tem. 3161 (7 lines).
2.30 and 8.15 DAILY.
ST. MORITZ
A NOVEL REAL ICE MUSICAL SPECTACLE.

DUCHESS. Smoking. (Tem: 8243)
Mon. Next & Evgs. 8.30 Sharp. Wed., Sat., 2.30.
I KILLED THE COUNT
by Alec Coppel.

DUKE OF YORK'S. Tem. 5122. Evgs., 8.30 ex. Mon.
Matinees WED., THURS. & SAT., 2.30.
MARGARET RAWLINGS in
BLACK LIMELIGHT

GARRICK. Tem. 4601. 8.30. Mats., Th., Sat., 2.30.
THE DANIEL MAYER COMPANY Present
CYRIL CAMPION'S
THIS MONEY BUSINESS (LAST WEEKS)

GLOBE. Ger. 1592. Evenings, 8.30 sharp.
Mats., WEDS. and SATS., 2.30 sharp.
ROBERT'S WIFE
By ST. JOHN ERVINE.

HIPPODROME. Ger. 3272. EVGS. 8.15.
Mats. THURS. and SATS. at 2.30.
BOBBY HOWES and CICELY COURTNEIDGE
in "HIDE AND SEEK"

LYRIC. Gerrard 3686.
Evgs. (except. Mon.), 8.30. Wed., Thurs. & Sat., 2.30.
VICTORIA REGINA
by Laurence Housman.

PALACE. (Ger. 6834.) Evgs., 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30.
GLADYS COOPER and PHILIP MERIVALE
DODSWORTH
NORA SWINBURNE.
GEORGE CURZON. HENRIETTA WATSON.

PLAYHOUSE. Over 780 Perfs. Whi. 7774.
Evgs., 8.30 (ex. Mon.). WED., THURS., SAT., 2.30.
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WHITEOAKS
LAST WEEKS OF LONDON'S LONGEST RUN.

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QUEENS. Gerrard 4517.
JOHN GIELGUD'S SEASON.
Evgs., 8.30 sharp. Mats. Wed. & Sat., 2.30.
THREE SISTERS

ROYALTY. (Ger. 7331.) Evenings at 8.30.
Mats. Thurs. & Sat., 2.30. LAST WEEKS.
I HAVE BEEN HERE BEFORE
by J. B. PRIESTLEY.

ST. MARTIN'S. Temple Bar 1443.
Evgs. 8.30. Mats., Tuesday, Friday, 2.30.
YVONNE ARNAUD. RONALD SQUIRE
PLAN FOR A HOSTESS

SAVOY. Evgs., 8.30 (ex. Mon.). Temple Bar 8888.
Matinees Mon., Wed. & Sat., 2.30.
EDMUND GWENN and GEORGE HAYES in
THANK YOU, MR. PEPYS.

STRAND. Temple Bar 2660.
Evenings, 8.30. Matinees Thurs. & Sat., 2.30.
DEATH ON THE TABLE
A Comedy Thriller

UNITY THEATRE. Eus. 5391.
"LIVING NEWSPAPER No. 1."—Busmen.
Nightly at 8.15 till Sun., March 13th.
Tickets, 1*s.*, 1*s.* 6*d.*, 2*s.* 6*d.*, 3*s.* 6*d.*
Apply Sec., UNITY THEATRE, Goldington St., N.W.1. Members and Associates only.

GROUP THEATRE announce
TRIAL OF A JUDGE
Written by STEPHEN SPENDER. Produced by RUPERT DOONE. Decor by JOHN PIPER. MARCH 18th at 8 o'clock, subs. at 8.15 till March 26th at UNITY THEATRE CLUB, Goldington St., N.W.1. For particuars apply GROUP THEATRE BOX OFFICE, Unity Theatre. Tel. EUSton 5391.

VICTORIA PALACE. (Vic. 1317.) Nightly, 6.20 & 9.
LUPINO LANE
TEDDY ST. DENIS & GEORGE GRAVES
ME AND MY GIRL
FUNNIEST MUSICAL COMEDY IN TOWN.

CLASSIFIED ADVERTISEMENTS
Rates, and all information on page 457

WESTMINSTER, S.W.1. 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30.
LAND'S END
Alan Napier. Cathleen Nesbitt. Cecil Trouncer.
Seats bookable, 8/6, 4/6, 2/6. Vic. 0283.

WYNDHAM'S. Tem. 3028. (Second Year).
EVGS., 8.30. Mats. Wed. and Sats. at 2.30.
"GEORGE and MARGARET"
COMEDY by GERALD SAVORY.

FILMS

ACADEMY, Oxford St. Ger. 2981. Last Week.
The film for which a Special Prize was created.
"LA GRANDE ILLUSION" (A).
with Erich V. Stroheim, Jean Gabin, Dita Parlo & Pierre Fresney.

EVERYMAN (Opp. Hampstead Tube Stn.) Ham. 2285.
MONDAY, MARCH 14th, FOR SEVEN DAYS
JEAN GABIN & ANNABELLA in
LA BANDERA (A).

REPERTORY THEATRES

THE PLAYHOUSE, LIVERPOOL.
Evgs., 7.45. Mats., Sat., 2.30.
Weights and Measures. By Keith Winter.

HULL. Little.
Evgs., 8. Mat. Sat., 5. p.m.
Yes and No. By Kenneth Horne

MANCHESTER REPERTORY THEATRE
Evenings at 7.30.
Old English. By John Galsworthy

RESTAURANTS

THE CHATA (Russian). 17, Baker Street, W.1 (entrance George Street). Chef: Topolskov. Close midnight Sundays. Borshtch, piroshki, vodka.

AH well, if you've not been to RULES you have missed a lot in life. . . . Maiden Lane (Covent Garden). Lunch, Dinner or late Supper (licensed till midnight). Est. 1780.

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PERSONAL

RUSSIAN, by native lady teacher; phonetic method; many years' London experience. Students' R.S.A. exam. successes. Central. 'Phone. Box 344.

FRENCH Tuition, etc., by Licenciée (Paris). Ring Euston 3809 between 1 p.m. and 2.30 p.m.

YOUNG Writer would like equable young man to share pleasant Chelsea Studio. Box 1227.

YOUNG Composer, studied with great teachers, desperately needs patron to continue his career. Box 343, Whiteley, W.2.

WEEK-ENDS. Young AUSTRIAN University woman would welcome suggestions for pleasant country week-ends. Tennis and walks. Box 1237.

YOUNG bachelor, often away, needs permanent base in town. Comfortable room with breakfast: other meals by arrangement, N. or N.W. district preferred. Box 1185.

ENGLISH girl (23), planning spend summer studying, Italy, preferably Rome, amongst Italians, like part-time occupation or suggestions. Some knowledge French, German, Italian; interested travel, literature, art. Box 1183.

EASTER-SKI-ING, AUSTRIA. Small group, private mountain guide, invites few more Skiers. Box 366

TO DIABETICS, GOOD NEWS! Cadbury's have perfected a special chocolate suitable for diabetic patients which retails at only 1*s.* per packet. This is obtainable from most chemists and high-class grocers confectioners, and Boots' branches.

STAMMERING AND SPEECH DEFECTS, a FREE LECTURE by W. A. Carot, the Eminent Specialist. Explaining psychological causes and correct cure. CAXTON HALL, Westminster, Monday, April 4th at 7.30 p.m.

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is made by craftsmen for the critical listener who is satisfied only with the worthiest reproduction of music. It reveals unsuspected beauties of tone and detail in both broadcast and recorded music. Each set is made by hand and tuned and tested individually. Receivers from £39. Radio-gramophones from £53 10*s.* Full details on request.
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NUDIST GATHERINGS. Wednesdays and Fridays at West London gymnasium. Write, enclosing stamped envelope: SECRETARY, National Sun and Air Association, 6 Foster Lane, E.C.2.

ANTHONY PANTING will be back at 5 Paddington St. (WEL. 4950) on Monday for individual photo-portraits.

THE WEEK IN THE CITY

By DIVES

MARKET PSYCHOLOGY—IMPERIAL AIRWAYS—BUDGET FINANCE AND INTEREST RATES

THE psychology of the industrial share market is difficult to understand. A year ago when the Government was announcing its £1,500 million bill for rearmament, the investor was carried away by enthusiasm and bought iron and steel and other industrial equities in anticipation of a boom in profits. At the same time he sold gilt-edged securities in fear of an inflationary rise in prices which might have to be countered by a rise in interest rates. Later on, the special taxation of industrial profits nipped his enthusiasm in the bud and when the slump developed in America towards the end of the year his pessimism became complete. To-day, when the Prime Minister announces that the £1,500 millions rearmament bill will be substantially exceeded and when rumour has it that £2,000 millions will be nearer the mark, with Treasury borrowings greatly in excess of £400 millions, the investor sells iron and steel shares heavily and remains for choice in gilt-edged stocks. It would seem to be illogical behaviour, but it may be explained by the simple fact that the investor cannot see clearly ahead. In the first place, he appears to have realised for the first time that there is or has been a real risk of war, and in the second place he is informed by the Premier that the peak of the rearmament expenditure will be reached in 1939-40. He therefore argues that if there is no war (about which he feels very nervous) the slump in the iron and steel industries may come earlier than he expected. In other words, the risk premium included in the yields on industrial ordinary shares has had to be increased. It is now almost 2 per cent. for the first time since 1931, and it has never been larger than 2.84 per cent. even at the bottom of the previous slump. Nevertheless the fact that the risk premium has already increased to a far greater extent than industrial activity has diminished is making some of the less nervous investors buy the leading industrial equities on the new yield basis of 5 per cent. to 5½ per cent. It is for them encouraging that there is something like an oversold position in the market. On any favourable news, such as a preliminary agreement with Italy which is to the City's liking, or some indication that the industrial slump in America has run its course, there might be quite a sharp recovery in prices. Indeed, on Wednesday afternoon sentiment improved, partly on the news that Wall Street, despite earlier, more optimistic hopes, was taking a not unfavourable view of the Interstate Commerce Commission's decision to authorise increases averaging 5 per cent. in railroad rates. It was also significant that the failure of a leading Stock Exchange firm in New York had no adverse effect on prices. Wall Street, like London, appears to be "sold out," but so long as prevailing uncertainties—intensified now by the fall of M. Chautemps—persist, there is no public support for a sustained stockmarket recovery.

* * *

Publication of the report of the Cadman Committee on civil aviation left the market in Imperial Airways more or less unmoved, if one can call it a market. The Committee considered that it would be proper for the dividends of Imperial Airways and other air transport companies which are subsidised to be restricted to the limits usually associated with public utility companies. The Government, according to its "observations," is in agreement with the principle underlying this proposal, namely that public money should not be used for raising dividends to undue levels, but they have necessarily had regard to the Company's need to raise large additional sums of money from the public and to the risks involved in an air transport company of this magnitude. In other words, the Government foreshadow the possibility of dividends at a higher rate than those customary in public utility companies. This was interpreted by the market as justifying the price of 30*s*. which was fixed for the new issue of Imperial Airways last June. This, as the Chairman said, had been arrived at in consultation with the Treasury. If the Government consider that 30*s*. is a fair price for the shares, it seems that they would regard a minimum dividend of at least 7 per cent. as in keeping with this type of public utility. Indeed, the market has been arguing that they may regard a higher rate than 7 per cent. as reasonable. At the present market price of 23*s*. Imperial Airways shares would yield £6 1*s*. 9*d*. on the basis of a 7 per cent. dividend or £7 16*s*. 6*d*. on the basis of last year's dividend of 9 per cent. Now that the company will presumably have better management in the future, investors may begin to pick up the shares around the present level, particularly as the Government is prepared to recommend the raising of the subsidy limit for air transport from £1,500,000 to £3,000,000.

* * *

The gilt-edged market did not take kindly to the Defence Estimates, or to the conclusion which emerges that something like £80 millions of additional revenue must be collected in 1938–39, apart from the £90 millions of expenditure covered by borrowing. After an initial fall, however, prices recovered. Dealers find it far from easy to forecast the market trend over the next year or so. On the assumption that we have passed a cyclical peak of industrial activity, and that though the recession (so long as rearmament proceeds intensively) will be very moderate and gradual, there is no likelihood of a boom in equities for years ahead, then—one would say—other things being equal, the outlook for gilt-edged securities is favourable. But will other things be equal? Apart from the possibility of increased taxation of incomes in the 1939–40 budget, there is the question of how the Government will arrange its Defence borrowings. Mr. Balogh, who contributes an article on the budgetary problem in the current issue of Lloyds Bank Monthly Review, contends that a continuance of deficit budgets is the policy appropriate to the nation's economic outlook on the grounds (*a*) that potential depression must not be deepened by deflation, and (*b*) Government borrowing will create no disturbance if it does not exceed the volume of savings. Assuming that the Government, as seems not unlikely, is of this way of thinking, it will presumably do all it can over the next few years to support the gilt-edged market. In the last resort it could force the banks to increase the volume of their investments by enlarging the cash basis through sales of gold to the Bank of England. If I were asked to "take a view" in an admittedly complex and obscure situation, I should hazard the opinion that over the next year or two there will be no sizable depreciation of gilt-edged. After that, as rearmament drives the Government in the direction of inflation in order to (1) cope with an otherwise unmanageable budget, and (2) offset a post-armament slump, I should be prepared to switch from fixed-interest stocks to equities.

A Proved Securities Trust A Proved Securities Trust

What surer prospects have you of

Larger Yield coupled with Security

and probable Appreciation of Capital?

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Company Meeting

UNITED KINGDOM PROVIDENT INSTITUTION

£63,000,000 OF ASSURANCE

SIR ERNEST BENN'S PLEA FOR JUSTICE FOR SAVERS

THE 97th Annual General Meeting of the Members of the United Kingdom Temperance and General Provident Institution was held on Wednesday, the 9th March, 1938, in London.

Sir Ernest J. P. Benn, Bt. (the Chairman and Managing Director) said (in part) :—

The year's account has received an appreciable benefit from the better dividends secured from your Industrial Investments and future accounts will suffer should there be any set back in trade. We can, I think, be reasonably hopeful in this much discussed matter. All the known factors taken together point towards continuing prosperity.

THE FIVE MILLIONS

The year 1937 took us above the five million mark in new business. £5,000,000 of new assurance means profit and added security to all our members, but it also means that a few more thousand people have come within that privileged class which we call the Assured.

As we are a Mutual Institution, every new member is a new agent, and if the new members speak as well of the United Kingdom Life Office as the old members have done in the past, we can look forward with confidence to the future rate of business.

It is widely thought that social advancement can be secured by the raising of wages and the increase of the incomes at the lower end of the income scale. That very natural opinion is only true if it is held as part of a wider view. France and America have each provided us in the recent past with illustrations of the dangers of simple processes such as all-round increases in wages, or wholesale distributions of borrowed money. The truth is that an increase in income is only good provided that a proper proportion of that income is saved. This is where our five millions, and the general increase in Life Assurance, claim an important place in public affairs.

If we look at the Savings Banks, the Building Societies, the Friendly Societies, the Insurance Offices, and, in our case, at our £5,000,000, there is no doubt that our people are doing their utmost to save a full proportion of the higher incomes which better times are placing at their disposal.

Year by year I have felt it a duty to utter a warning against the forcing of a cheap money policy. I am not speaking on behalf of the money-owners, the wealthy, the capitalists, as those terms have for so long been understood, or misunderstood. Your report shows you that our average Policy is £759. I speak, therefore, for many thousands of hard-working people, tradesmen, clerks, civil servants, schoolmasters, and the like, each of whom, by dint of a lifetime's saving, hopes to leave behind him or her £759.

These people, and as a class they embrace practically the whole population, are ignored, on their saving side, by the advocates of cheap money. I am one of those who think that the commercial and industrial value of cheap money can be overstated, and that view is confirmed by the experience of the last few years. So little does industry appear to appreciate the value of this cheap money that the Banks have been driven to employ it by increasing their investments to 2½ times the 1929 level, although the investment of funds has never been regarded as more than a subsidiary function of a Bank.

The Chairman then dealt at length with money management and public borrowing and continuing said :—

We have earned 2*s.* 11*d.* per cent. gross and 2*s.* 1*d.* per cent. net more than in 1936. The net rate of interest on the book value of your funds stands at the highly satisfactory figure of £4 5*s.* 7*d.* per cent. We may be asked, with such a record, what is there to grumble about? That is a very short-sighted question, which overlooks all the care and caution of a long past. The Institution's Funds grow steadily year by year, and, including the Reserve Fund, now stand at over £25,000,000, there being an increase in 1937 of £888,308. On 31st December, 1937, in addition to passing the milestone of £5,000,000 new business, the total sum assured by our Policies, including bonuses, was over £63,000,000.

The ratio of the commission and expenses of management to the total Premium Income shows an increase over the previous year of .8 per cent., but, as has been explained on previous occasions, the amount of single premium business transacted distorts the crude expense ratio, and the actual rise is under .6 per cent.

We are now in the last year of another Triennial Valuation period. I do not propose to indulge in any forecast as to whether the next bonus will be the same as, or a trifle higher or lower than, the substantial rates we are now paying, but the position to date is a thoroughly sound one.

Our distinguished Secretary and Actuary, Mr. W. G. Barrett, reached the retiring age in the autumn; to fill the vacancy thus created, the Directors appointed our Accountant, Mr. P. G. Leveritt, to the position of First Officer of the Institution. His personal qualifications, allied to his long acquaintance with the work of the Institution, and his intimate knowledge fit him for the post in quite an exceptional way.

After the transaction of formal business, the report and accounts were unanimously adopted.

HALIFAX
BUILDING SOCIETY
LARGEST IN THE WORLD

ANOTHER RECORD YEAR

TOTAL ASSETS 122 MILLION POUNDS

RESERVES 5 MILLION POUNDS

Extracts from the 85th Annual Report to be presented to the Shareholders at the Annual General Meeting at Halifax on Monday, March 28th, 1938.

MORTGAGES During the year the sum of £20,943,616 was advanced upon new mortgages granted mainly upon security of dwellinghouses acquired by members for their own occupation. The total sum due upon mortgages, increased during the year by £6,080,910 and now stands at £98,276,899, the average amount owing per mortgage being £410.

The mortgage accounts are in a very satisfactory condition, and there are no properties in the possession of the Society at the end of the year to be reported in the statutory schedule, and no properties in possession of Receivers on behalf of the Society as Mortgagees.

LIQUID ASSETS The surplus funds of the Society invested in Trustee Securities have been maintained, and, together with Cash at Banks and in hand, amount to £23,634,393.

SHARE AND DEPOSIT FUNDS The Share and Deposit Funds increased during the year by £7,783,560 and the total funds of Investing Shareholders and Depositors now stand at £117,089,819.

TOTAL ASSETS The total Assets of the Society now amount to £122,626,007, an increase of £8,298,431.

ACCOUNTS The new accounts opened during the year numbered 94,912, and the total number of accounts open at the end of the year was 712,414, being an increase of 29,799 accounts.

PROFITS The balance of profit for the year, after payment of expenses and provision for Income Tax, National Defence Contribution and all interest due to Depositors up to the date of the accounts, and for depreciation of office properties, amounted to **£3,034,531**, out of which appropriations have been made to shareholders of interest and bonus £2,585,706; to Staff Superannuation Fund £50,000; and to General Reserve £400,000.

RESERVE FUNDS The total Reserve Funds and Undivided Profit now amounts to £5,066,167.

The Directors heartily congratulate the Members on the Society's continued progress and prosperity, and the strong financial position disclosed in the Statement of Accounts.

Copy of Balance Sheet free on application

Head Offices :
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London District Office :
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City Office :
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BELFAST - 14, Donegall Square West
EDINBURGH - 75, George Street
GLASGOW - 119, St. Vincent Street
LEEDS - 32, Commercial Street
LIVERPOOL - 37, Dale Street
MANCHESTER - 130, Deansgate
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President : Sir ENOCH HILL, F.C.I.S.

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(UNIVERSITY OF LONDON)

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THE INDIAN CIVIL SERVICE AND THE BURMA CIVIL SERVICE (CLASS I).

The entry for the I.C.S. and for the Burma Civil Service (Class I) closes this year on the 11th April. The recruitment of Europeans will be partly by selection and partly by written competitive examination. A candidate is at liberty to apply for appointment by both methods, but a separate form must be used for each. Forms may be obtained from the Services Department at the India Office or from the Appointments Boards of Universities in the British Isles. The age limits are 21 to 24 on the 1st August. Candidates for appointment by selection without written examination must have taken a good Honours Degree, but those who are sitting for their Final Honours Schools this year may be admitted provisionally. Full particulars can be had by applying to the Services Department at the India Office, Whitehall, London, S.W.1.

India Office.
January, 1938.

THE QUEEN'S UNIVERSITY OF BELFAST

CHAIR OF LATIN

Applications are invited by Friday, April 22nd, 1938, for the post of Professor of Latin, at a salary of £1,000 per annum with non-contributory pension; the duties of the Professor will begin on October 1st, 1938.

Further particulars may be obtained from
RICHARD H. HUNTER,
Secretary,
March 5th, 1938. Queen's University, Belfast.

COMPETENT woman secretary required for semi-official organisation. Good education and high speeds essential. Experience government service preferred. Age 26–30. Starting salary £3 10s. Prospects promotion. Apply own handwriting. Box 1182.

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CLASSIFIED ADVERTISEMENTS
Rates, and all information on page 457

LECTURES AND MEETINGS

UNIVERSITY OF LONDON

A Lecture entitled "WHITHER JURISPRUDENCE?" will be given by PROF. G. W. PATON (Professor of Jurisprudence in the University of Melbourne) at THE LONDON SCHOOL OF ECONOMICS (Houghton Street, Aldwych, W.C.2), on WEDNESDAY, MARCH 16th, at 5 p.m.

ADMISSION FREE, WITHOUT TICKET.

S. J. WORSLEY,
Academic Registrar.

LIBERALISM AND CURRENT PROBLEMS.

LECTURES at 8.15 p.m.

In the MANSON HALL, 26 PORTLAND PLACE, W.1 (Near Broadcasting House).

Mar. 15. "The Condition of the People," by B. SEEBOHM ROWNTREE, C.H. Chairman: Miss MEGAN LLOYD GEORGE, M.P.

Tickets for each lecture (2s. and 1s.) and Syllabus on application to the Lecture Committee, Liberal Party Organisation, 42 Parliament Street, S.W.1, or tickets may be obtained at the Hall on the evening of the Lecture.

ABORTION LAW REFORM ASSOCIATION.
A PUBLIC MEETING
will be held on THURSDAY, MARCH 17th, at 8 p.m.
Speakers: CICELY HAMILTON.
and
DR. GLADYS COX.
CONWAY HALL, RED LION SQUARE.

SOME MODERN PROBLEMS. A series of Talks and Discussions for those concerned about present-day World Problems has been arranged to take place at LANGDALE ESTATE in the ENGLISH LAKE DISTRICT, from Wednesday, April 6th to 12th. The subjects to be discussed include Education, Health and Fitness, International Affairs, War, Unemployment. As accommodation is limited, early application is desirable. Further particulars may be obtained by writing "Conference N," Langdale Estate, Great Langdale, near Ambleside.

SOUTH PLACE ETHICAL SOCIETY, Conway Hall, Red Lion Square, Holborn. Sunday, March 13th, at 11 a.m., GERALD BULLETT, M.A.: "ETHICS AND RELIGION." 6.30 p.m., Concert Chamber Music. Admission Free. Visitors welcome.

F.P.S.I. HARRY POLLITT on "World Politics To-day," Wednesday, March 16th, at 8 p.m., at Conway Hall, Red Lion Square. Tickets: Members 6d., non-members 1s., from Secretary, F.P.S.I., 4 Fitzroy Street, W.1.

FREE RELIGIOUS MOVEMENT towards world religion and world brotherhood. Meetings on Sundays at 11 a.m., at Lindsey Hall, The Mall, Notting Hill Gate, W.8. Leader: REV. WILL HAYES. March 13: "A.E."—POET, PAINTER AND PROPHET.

THE ETHICAL CHURCH, Queen's Road, Bayswater, W.2. Sunday, March 13th, at 11, MR. H. L. BEALES: "THE SHADOWS OF IMPERIALISM." 6.30, MRS. FLEMMING: "TEN YEARS OF UNEMPLOYMENT IN NORTH STAFFORDSHIRE."

REIMANN WINTER LECTURES. IAIN MACNAB, F.R.S.A., R.O.I., R.E.: "PICTORIAL COMPOSITION." Friday, March 18th. These lectures supplement the training of the Reimann School of Commercial and Industrial Design, Friday evenings at 8 p.m. Visitors admitted, 1s. 6d. at door. Write for full list, N.S., 4-10 Regency Street, Westminster, S.W.1. Vic. 3131.

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MODERN CULTURE INSTITUTE. Dr. Har Dayal, M.A., Ph.D., will speak on Friday, March 18th, at 8.15 p.m., at The Caxton Hall on "MR. ALDOUS HUXLEY'S 'ENDS AND MEANS.'" Free.

A.I.A. Discussion about Realism between Surrealists and Realists. Illustrated by 12 contemporary paintings. Speakers: H. READ, A. BLUNT, etc. Wed., March 16th, 8 p.m., 9 Gt. Newport Street, W.C.2.

THE Fortis Green School Society is holding an open meeting prior to the official opening of the school in April, at 88 High Road, East Finchley (entrance in Fortis Green), at 8 p.m. on Tuesday, March 15th. All interested are invited to attend.

SCHOOLS AND EDUCATIONAL

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